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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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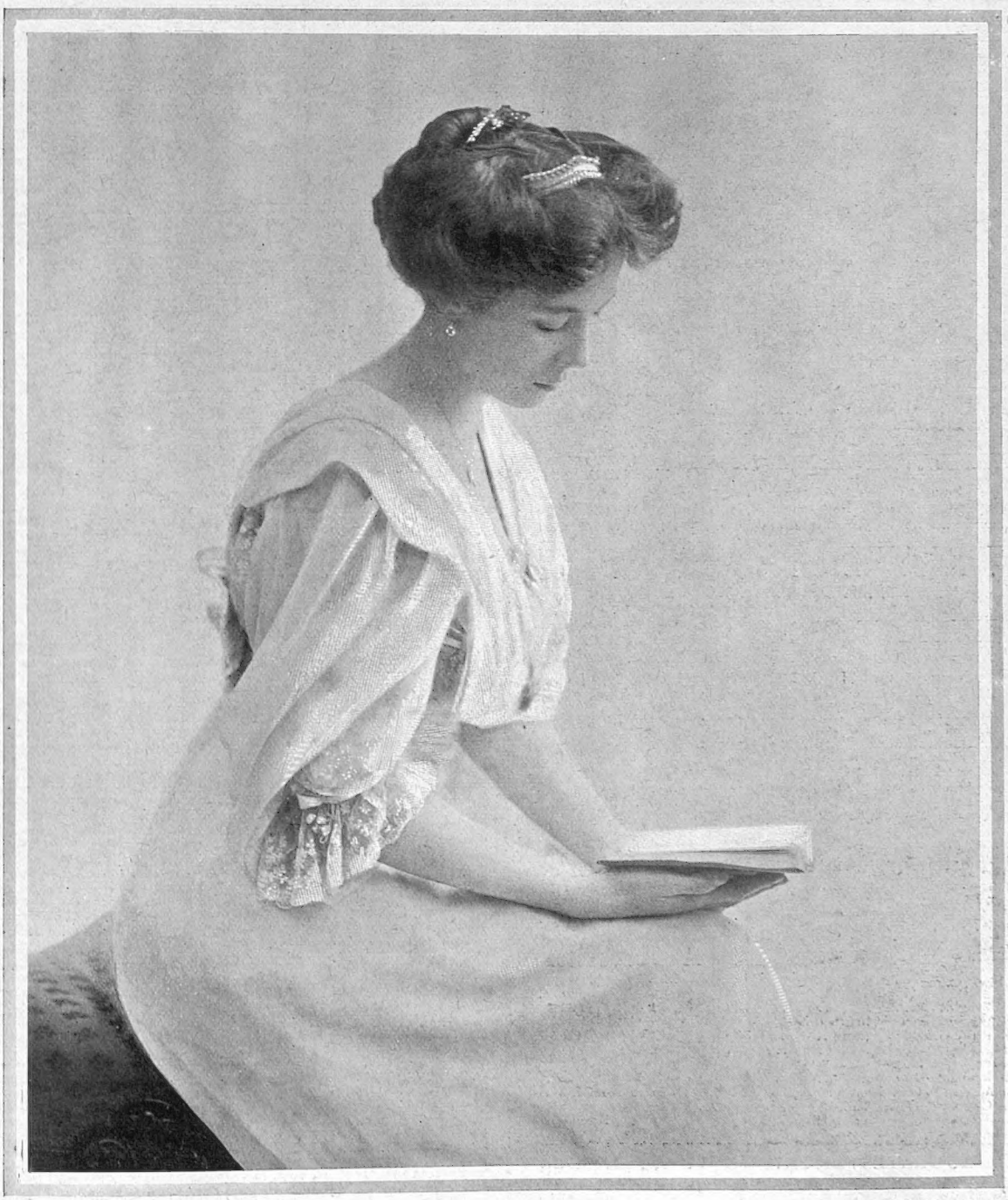

Photo *Rita Martin*

LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX

One of the pretty brides of last summer, and a daughter of Lord and Lady De Ramsey. Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox have just taken a house in Ovington Square

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RACING NOTIONS. BY CARBINE.

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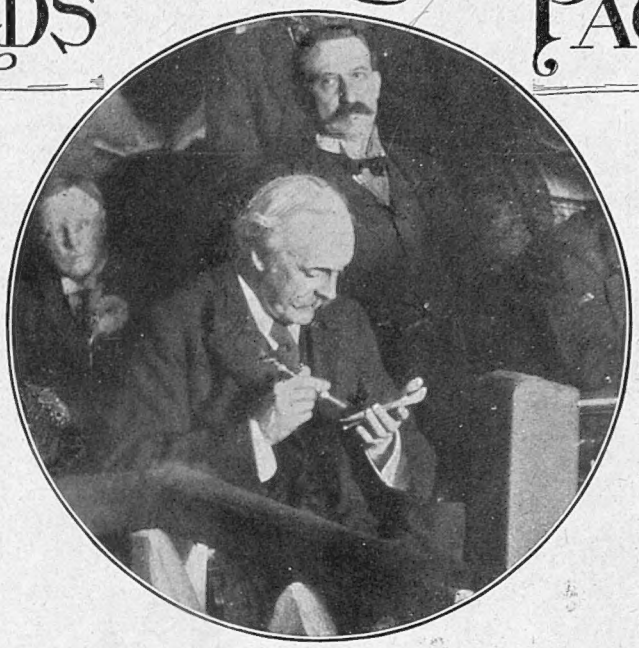
The World's Pageant



"Not Premier, but——"

Mr. Balfour snapshotted in the congenial task of counting Unionist victories in the counties, the total of which, if not securing a Conservative majority, has at all events reduced the Government strength

Reform Wanted—

ONE of the first measures which should be undertaken by the Government (Irish Nationalists kindly permitting) should be a reform of the methods in vogue of announcing Election results. These are, at present, contemptible in their crudity. The electors of the United Kingdom are invited to decide who shall sit in Parliament for their divisions, and, at the same time, which shall be His Majesty's Government. Surely, having been asked the question, some proper means should be taken of announcing their decision to the country and the world.

—In Our Methods—

How is it done at present? Locally, to know who is your M.P., you have to stand in a dense crowd for hours on the off-chance of hearing an official call out the figures. In London, to know the general result, you have, similarly, to stand in the streets outside some newspaper office with a lantern slide. To a lover of the crowds, and a political enthusiast, the thing is amusing enough. But suppose that you are neither, just a citizen of the Empire desirous of knowing which is to be your Government.

—Of Announcing—

It is scandalous that you should be dependent on newspaper or club enterprise for your information. Why is there no Imperial and Royal State medium for the dissemination of this most important news? The Government (I believe it is a Liberal one at the moment of writing) should take charge of this great process. I don't care how they do it. Perhaps by the erection of its own gigantic signboards in Trafalgar and all the other squares; perhaps by parading the streets with State sandwichmen, a blue board representing a Liberal, an orange a Conservative gain. Whatever it be, the Government should think of some official way of announcing the news to the nation, and should see that it be not left to private enterprise alone.

—Election Results

Such a state of affairs as obtained in the London streets last week, both by day and by night, is utterly un-socialistic. Why, even Mr. John Burns himself, Cabinet Minister, was compelled to stand outside the *Daily Graphic* screen for some hours the other night to learn whether he was to continue to serve His Majesty as Minister, and another member of the Cabinet was seen anxiously buying a halfpenny newspaper to learn whether a colleague was re-elected!

Mr. Bottomley, M.P., in Hackney

In view of his great victory over his Unionist opponent, the signboard in the rear lends a peculiarly appropriate touch to this photograph

A Welcome Back

There are so many M.P.'s to welcome back to the House that we hardly know where to begin. One, however, whom Unionists will be better pleased to see than some of their own number is Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who will give the Government as much trouble as assistance.

"Cheering Cross": Acclaiming Unionist Victories in the Strand

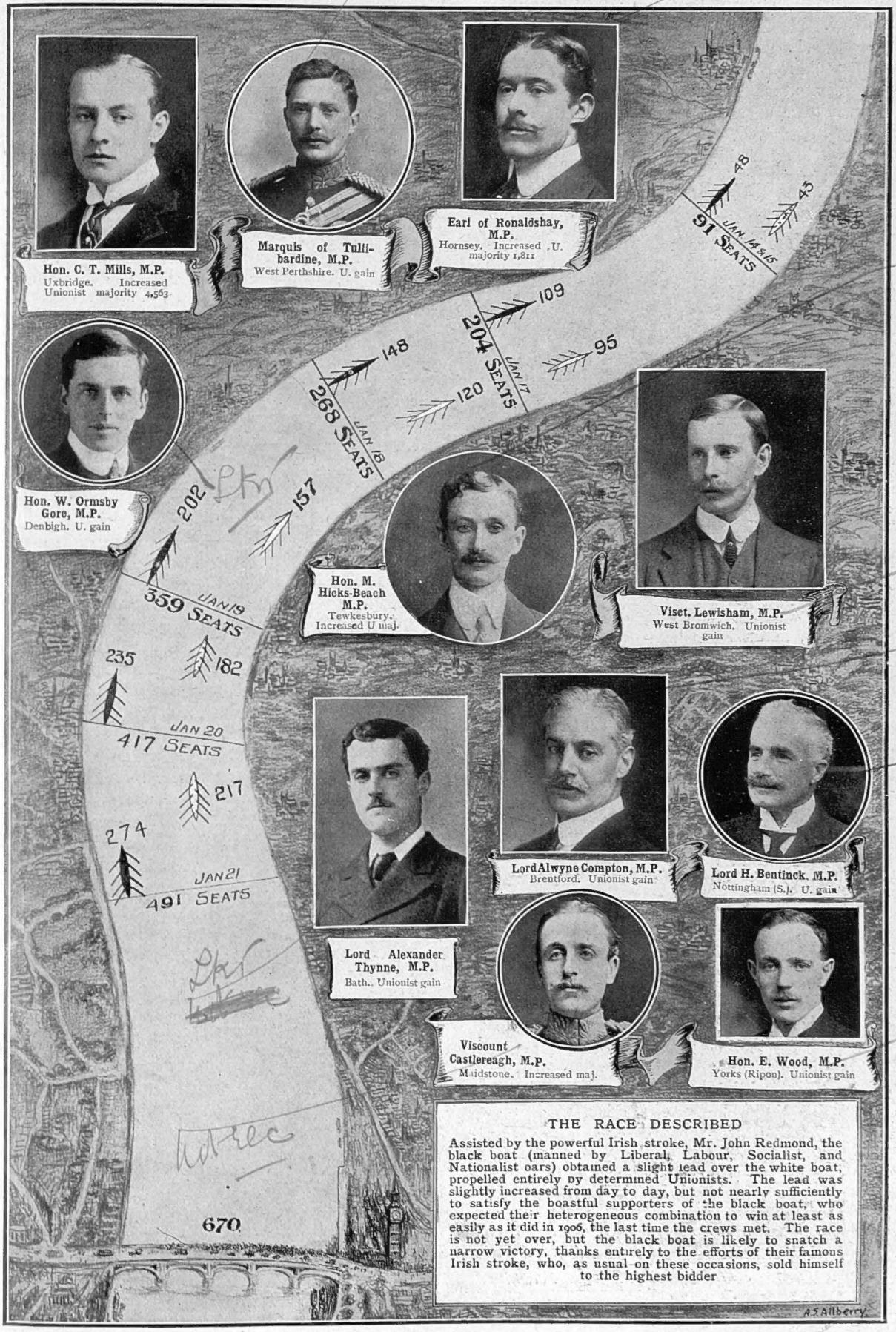
UNIONIST LANDSLIDE IN THE COUNTIES: A STUDY IN LONDON ELECTORAL EXPRESSION, PLEASED AND OTHERWISE

There is no doubt of the prevailing political colour of the London crowd. Unionists preponderate overwhelmingly, and the last three days of last week, bringing as they did the news of successive astounding victories in the country, were merry ones indeed for the supporters of Mr. Balfour. As Liberal seat after Liberal seat fell, and as Conservative majorities trebled and quadrupled, the crowd cheered itself hoarse. Liberals were there, of course, and. on the whole, took their reverses in great good humour, contenting themselves with the solid successes they had gained in the cities and in the north

The Parliamentary Vote Race

POSITION OF THE CREWS AFTER ONE WEEK'S STIFF RACING

[The black boat is the Radical "Coalition" and the white one the Unionist crew]



INSET ARE PORTRAITS OF YOUNG NOBLEMEN WHO HAVE WON SPLENDID VICTORIES FOR UNIONISM

Our "Humanities" Department Opens Shortly

No Politics, But——?

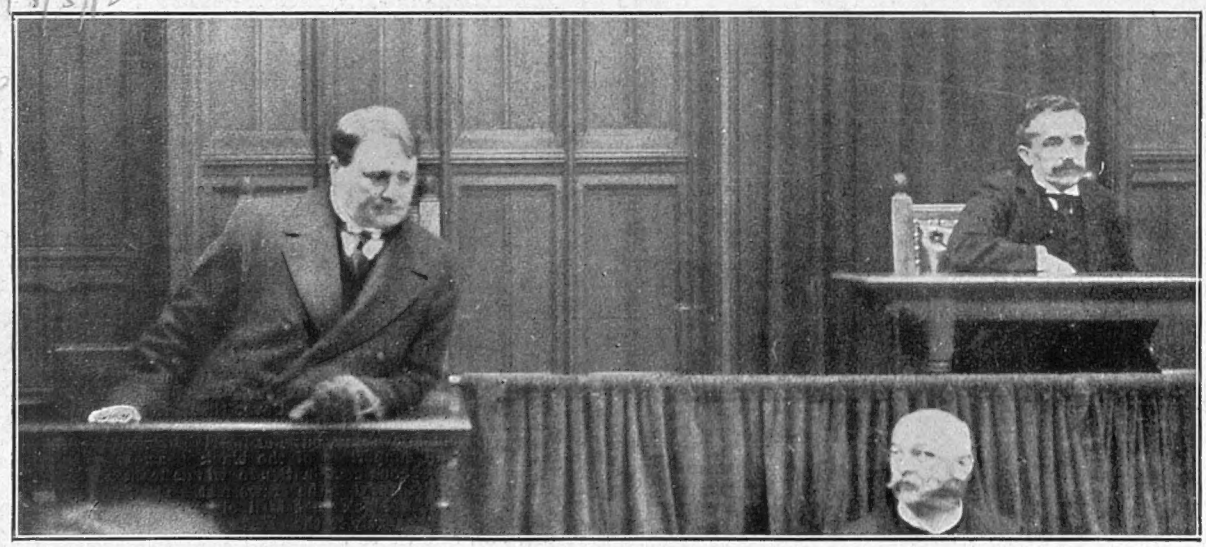
I don't want to talk politics at all this week—only to think them. It is nice to reflect how desolating THE BYSTANDER has been in the deadliness of its prophetic accuracy. Didn't we say, from the very first, that the Radicals had a good electoral cry which would rally their orthodox supporters to their full strength, and didn't we all along qualify this by saying that the silent voter would probably wobble over to the other side out of dislike for Socialism and a new sneaking faith in Tariff Reform? Of course we did! And so it has turned out. Radicalism did better in the big towns than at any time before 1906. It held its own in the North and also in London. Its cry of "Tax Land" proved popular, and secured victory in many places which would have gone Unionist on general policy. But in the country the cry has failed absolutely. To say "Tax Land" to a yeoman is as great a madness as to say "Tax Textiles" to a Lancashire spinner or a Yorkshire weaver. Land is the "raw material" of the manufacture of bread, meat, vegetables, and fruit, to tax it is, naturally, to hamper their production. It is true, of course, that the Budget let off agricultural land. But its advocates, in their sweeping indictment of the landlords, were not very particular. To them, to own land at all was a crime, for "the land is the people's," and the Government cannot complain if the county classes have turned and rent them. Not only have seats been captured broadcast, but Unionist majorities in such divisions as Chelmsford, Epsom, Kingston, Basingstoke, Ashford, have been absolutely colossal. The counties' voice was as emphatically against Mr. Lloyd George as the voice of the northern towns was with him. Will he, if again he becomes Chancellor, now proceed to impose taxes which are repudiated by the classes on whom they are lain? It will be exceedingly interesting to see.

A New Portia: Miss Annesley Kenealy

Who sued Lord Northcliffe for wrongful dismissal, and conducted her own case—without success

"Humanities"

Lord Northcliffe, who proved to be a most effective and humorous witness in the Kenealy case, has saddened me by denying, after all, that he had instituted a department to counteract the alleged inhumanity of the *Daily Mail*. The public, desiring, as we know it does, that the "human" touch should permeate the columns of its halfpenny Press, would have been reassured by the knowledge that there beat, at a convenient distance from the office of the severe and stoical Editor, a number of warm hearts, hired to palpitate daily, and to compel the insertion of at least a column or two of red-hot "humanity" as a set-off against party politics, naval scares, and Balkans crises. Now, alas! it is not so. The Editor is real, and not nominal. He hears no beating hearts, and fashions his paper according to his own cold, grey lights. Dear, dear! And also, well, well! I have been looking through THE BYSTANDER, and have come to the conclusion that we, too, are a bit inhuman, and want a few more tear-drops weekly. Accordingly, we shall start a Humanities department of our own. Details of her age, antecedents, costume, *and* the size of her hat will be given out in due course. Watch this spot!



Lord Northcliffe Undergoing Cross-Examination by Miss Kenealy

On the right of the picture is the Duke of Newcastle, who occupied a seat on the Bench. The result of an amusing case was a verdict for Lord Northcliffe. The jury gave their decision without leaving the box

The Star Turn Fails

Lloyd George Sanger (*disgustedly, to Professor Pumpernickel*): "Not a cheer! Well, I thought *you'd* fetch 'em if nothing else did"

[*The revival of the black bread and horseflesh scare failed to secure for the Government the support of the counties*]

BY DRUMMOND NIBLETT

The German Princess Militant

A Lib-Lab Season!

So I suppose we must pull ourselves together and prepare for a Lib-Lab season—it doesn't sound very cheerful, does it? Think of it for a moment. Last year was bad enough in all conscience, but this—oh! dear, it depresses one terribly. What shall I have to tell you of this season? I am sure I don't know. The Lib-Lab hostesses are not very profuse in their entertainments, which are rather dull when they do come off. There is no very great hostess to entertain for them, poor things, and there is no really large house for them to entertain in.

Last Year's Frocks Will Do

I am convinced, madame, that there is no need to order new gowns, *robes et modes*, for the coming season. Last year's wardrobe will be quite smart enough, and the beautiful summer toilettes you were only able to wear once last year, thanks to the weather, will do admirably if turned in V-shape for evening wear. I know for a fact that the great French fashion makers will not send their ideas over to London now that the Lib-Labs are, with the aid of the Irish, coming in again, at all events for a while. What, they wisely ask, is the good of doing so? They will not be required. It is all very well and sounds charmingly patriotic to say that ladies should wear nothing but English-made gowns. They won't do it, and, besides, it must be borne in mind that nearly all the smartest toilettes displayed in London shops are taken from Parisian models. Now I am off to the country to wait until the storm I have raised by this announcement is over. Crash! bang! crash! It has begun.

The German Crown Princess Cecily in the Uniform of the 8th Dragoon Regiment, of which the Crown Princess is the Honorary Colonel

The picture was taken at Oels, in Prussian Silesia

Over Again?

Before I go, though, I suppose I may make a few more remarks—not on the weather, as that is long past praying for. I've already said what there is to say about the elections. I am told, though, that we shall all be electing again within the year. Think of it—all over again; it is a terrible thing to contemplate! Fancy having to face all those photographs of victorious and defeated candidates again. Think of a recurrence of the Poster nightmare; think of all the evil-looking Earls and Dukes that the Lib-Labs depict; think of that most fascinating of Lib-Lab creations, "daddy stealing the cat's dinner"; and think of all the dying families who can't afford to buy the Unionist black loaf. Does that not make you happy?

A Procession of Four-Wheelers

Already the papers are beginning to talk of the opening of Parliament, and the attendant festivities and celebrations so called. Won't it be nice to turn out and see the Lib-Labs in their State carriages, driving by on their way to the Palace of Westminster; won't London—I mean Limehouse and Islington—shout themselves hoarse as the victorious candidates roll by in their four-wheelers? I am looking forward to February 15.

A General Exodus Probable

For the rest of the season—such as it is. On or about February 20 the best families will leave London and the country generally for the Continent, where they will remain till Whitsuntide at least. They will go to Newmarket for the July meetings, and then off again to Scotland or the Continent. Ascot won't be required this year, neither will Goodwood nor Cowes. In October the Parliamentary candidates will be preparing for another dissolution, and in November we shall begin to see the photographs of the Parliament men again in all the illustrated papers. Baby Lloyd George will be photographed singing "Vote for Daddy," Mr. Ure will be called a new lot of names, Lloyd George will Limehouse again and yet again, Winston Churchill will revive his appetite for marmalade, and Lord Rosebery will emerge from his lonely furrow. Does the gay prospect please you?

Non-Political Sociabilities

Several Society weddings of interest are announced to take place before an unprecedentedly early Lent arrives to chasten such exuberances, and there are even, the elections notwithstanding, some balls, hunt and otherwise, in the offing. Down in Sussex the county is convinced that the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire contemplate giving a ball at

Lest We Forget!

PRINCE OLAF GROWING UP AND ENJOYING HIMSELF SEASONABLY

The Crown Prince of Norway, a few years ago so universally popular with the "Humanities" department of the halfpenny Press, is in danger of being forgotten. To prevent this deplorable event, we hasten to publish here some photographs from Norway, which prove his royal Highness to be well, and enjoying himself at the national winter sport. In one picture he is seen ski-ing with his mother, Queen Maud, who is herself also shown in the large photograph ski-ing with King Haakon

Social Topics—Such as They Are

Compton Place, which, though the smallest of their numerous vast residences, has, like most Georgian houses, a fine ballroom. The new Duchess, by the way, is regarded in the very "county" regions round Chatsworth with as great approbation as was extended to her brilliant predecessor. Lady Lansdowne's daughter inherits her full measure of that intense refinement which distinguishes the Hamiltons. Lady Waterford, the Duchess's younger sister, adopted, it will be remembered, Lady William Beresford's son, over whose portion such tremendous litigation has been proceeding in the States.

Photo *Rita Martin*

The Countess of Lytton, with her Baby Daughter

Lady Lytton has three children, a son (Viscount Knebworth) and two daughters, Lady Margaret and Lady Katharine Lytton, the latter of whom is seen in our picture. Lady Lytton is the daughter of the late Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden, K.C.S.I.

A Fitzwilliam Ball

For the popular V.W.H. Hunt Ball, which took place last night in Cirencester, Lord and Lady Bathurst had a party at the charming old house of theirs beside the ancient Roman town. Next week Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam will give a big ball in Sheffield, of which they are, this year, Lord and Lady Mayoress, before setting out on their annual yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. For the ball given by Lord Fitzwilliam's Hunt a party was entertained in the great house at Wentworth, which is said to be the biggest private residence in England. It is certainly the lengthiest, and not very far from the ugliest! A lovely park surrounds it, but that in its turn is surrounded by the great collieries, which, though they bring fabulous wealth to the Fitzwilliams, make also a wilderness of the countryside. Since the beginning of all things the Fitzwilliams have been Whigs. The present peer, however, would call himself, I suppose, a Liberal Unionist.

The Chesterfield Sale

Herefordshire collectors of antiquities and many Americans of that ilk are anticipating with unmixed joy the sale which is to take place at Holme Lacy, Lord Chesterfield's seat, next week. Innumerable treasures fill the great H-shaped old house, and some of the finest Grinling Gibbons carving in the country is to be found there. Everything is to be sold, even the family and historical portraits, and in addition the Boule table given to Viscount Scudamore by the King of France, some wonderful English and Flemish tapestries, and the great State bedstead that has heard the snores of many an English Royalty.

Its Houseless Owner

When Holme Lacy is disposed of there will remain to the present Earl of Chesterfield no single one of the great estates that formerly went with the title. Chesterfield House, the magnificent Town mansion which was built for the famous fourth Earl, is now owned by Lady Burton, and let by her to the Duke of Roxburghe, while the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire estates passed under the will of the seventh Earl to the present Lord Carnarvon. Lady Chesterfield, who is very pretty in a delicate way, is some twenty odd years younger than her husband, and is the sister of Lady Cowley, Mrs. Guy Fairfax, and Mrs. Eric Chaplin.

Our Election Competition

The thousands of BYSTANDER readers who made a bid for the Bedford motor-car recently offered as a prize in our Election Competition must be watching the progress of the polling with considerable interest. The Lib-Lab-Soc-Nat. party have, at the moment of writing, a small majority of votes, but the county turnover in favour of Unionism leads one to expect that, when all is over, the reader who predicted a Unionist majority has a good sporting chance of winning the prize.

A Beautiful Débutante

Photo *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. DIANA LISTER

A new portrait of Lord Ribblesdale's youngest daughter. Miss Lister is barely seventeen, and extremely beautiful

DOWNWRITINGS

"THOU SHALT NOT THINK FOR THYSELF!"

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—This General Election is a Mount Sinai from which has come down upon us at all events one new Commandment:

"THOU SHALT NOT THINK FOR THYSELF."

The most notable feature of the campaign has been the absolutely hideous havoc which has visited the small cluster of politicians who have dared to show independence—in public—of the party Whips.

IN MEMORY OF HAROLD COX, WHO DEPARTED FROM PARLIAMENTARY LIFE AT PRESTON, JANUARY 17
"HE THOUGHT FOR HIMSELF".

Though willing to toe the line on things in general, these dozen or more gentlemen, having special knowledge on certain subjects, dared to speak thereon their real minds. Worse than that, they have also walked into the division lobbies as though not only their views, but also their feet, were actually their own and not those of the party.

For instance, there is our good friend, Harold Cox. At the last election he went in as a Liberal because he was a consistent devotee of the Cobden doctrine, which that party unctuously professed to support. Now, the Liberal party, at the dictates of a certain Cymric legist of diminutive stature who shall be nameless, all of a sudden throws over the said Mr. Cobden in favour of the ideas of one Philip Snowden. Poor Harold rubs his eyes and says, "Really, gentlemen, really!"

"What's that?" angrily asks the Ministerial Whip.

"Nothing, nothing," replies H. "I only said 'really.'"

"Well, don't say it again; that's all!"

But H. did say it again, several times. Consequence: meeting of his local Liberal Five Hundred (or is it thousand?), confidence withdrawn, and another candidate for his seat at Preston. H. C., the sole surviving adherent to the alleged Liberal doctrine of 1906, fights the seat all by himself. He polls a few votes, and is consequently "outed."

Why? Because

HE THOUGHT FOR HIMSELF.

Now step across the floor of the House and look on another case. Until the year 1903 the Conservative party was attached to the doctrines of Free Trade, particularly the leaders of the party, to wit, Lord Salisbury, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Lord Goschen, the Duke of Devonshire, and a few other great and worthy men. With a suddenness equal to that of the Celtic Attorney of limited length himself, Mr. Chamberlain discovers that Protection and not Free Trade is the thing for his beloved country. Says so. His colleagues don't—for some years. They hum and ha for a long time. Then, gradually, the leader of the party and his associates, under strong pressure, admit that there is something to be said for the idea, or, at all events, that there is something to be said for saying there is something to be said for it. So they say it, hesitantly, ambiguously, subtly. But certain members of the historic Conservative party, notably the two sons of the great leader, Salisbury himself, don't think there *is* anything to be said, and they say so. As a penalty for this, the one Cecil (Hugh) is refused the support of his party, and remains away from Parliament for four years, and the other (Robert) is bundled neck and crop out of his constituency, and has to take refuge in the inhospitable wastes of Lancashire. There he is roundly trounced for daring to be independent, and relegated to obscurity. He, too, has broken the new Commandment. He has Thought for Himself.

These are only two of a large number of admirable politicians who will not be seen in the new House of Commons solely because they have broken the Commandment. Think of the Liberals who, because they loved neither the Budget nor the Welsh solicitor of modest measurements who brought it in, have suddenly been pushed out of their candidatures. It is true that we may hear of them again—but it will be probably under the name of Lord Legion. The Hereditary Chamber is soon, Sir, to be positively packed with respectable Liberals who have ventured to disagree with the party on one or two things. But it is of such that the Hereditary Chamber has always been made. It plays to Liberalism the part that Paradise is supposed to play to departing mankind.

To the Lords go not the good, but the bad spirits of Liberalism. Sent there are not those who have obeyed the Commandment, but those who have not disobeyed it—publicly. For such as have done that there is no hope. Their sad lot must either be to wander through the space of the political cosmos, or else to enter into unholy alliance with Satan, which is called Conservative. And for those of Satan's own followers (vulgarly known as Tories), who themselves break the same Commandment—it has currency down there, too—there is nothing for them but to proceed aloft and seek, at the hands of the good ones who are called Radical, a wholly distasteful salvation.

But, finally, Mr. Editor, let me hasten to say that Politics is not the only sphere in which operates the Commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Think For Thyself." There are others. What do *you* think?

[I don't.—EDITOR.] DOWNWRITER.

Sympathy, the Mother of Invention

BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Epsom of India

OTHERWISE CALCUTTA'S GREAT CHRISTMAS RACE MEETING

HORSES IN THE RING BEFORE A RACE

The Calcutta races began on Christmas Eve, and attracted an enormous crowd. All four stands were packed with people, and a fine day's racing was enjoyed, the finishes nearly all being exciting and close. The Boxing Day meeting on the same course, when the Viceroy's Cup was decided, attracted a record crowd

RIVIERA JOTTINGS

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Still Dull

My tale is still a tale of woe. So far as English are concerned, the Riviera remains to all intents and purposes a desert with Hyères as its oasis, for, somehow or other, Mr. Lloyd George's ruinous hand seems to have left the town of the Golden Islands untouched. But Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo are German, Austrian, Russian, Italian—anything you like except English. The hotel-keepers face the situation philosophically, heroically. Their one desire is to see the month of January pass as quickly as possible, and their one hope—that the Unionists may conquer. The interest taken in the elections is quite extraordinary. And there is but one wish expressed—*à bas Lloyd George.*

Fashions at Nice Race Meeting

The races were exceptionally well attended, though the display of smart frocks fell behind recent years

Steeplechasing at Nice: An Early Hurdle in the Grand Prix

The weather was magnificent for the meeting, but the number of English patrons was very small. The Grand Prix provided an exciting contest, and was won by M. A. Veil-Picard's Blagueur II.

Russian Ingratitude

But, despite this dearth of English, upon whom at one time the entire prosperity of the Riviera depended, things are by no means bad in the Sunny South. Monte Carlo, so one set in authority whispered to me the other day, is already over £150,000 ahead in receipts as compared with the similar period of last year, and the returns of the *pari-mutuel* at the Nice Races constitute a record. The "banks" at the Grand Cercle of Nice were never higher at this period of the season, and when *La Tosca* was given at the Opera House the other night not a seat was to be had for love or money. Yet, funnily enough, not only is there an English famine down here, but a Russian one into the bargain, a campaign against the Sunny South having been made in one or two of the leading Russian papers, with results anything but advantageous to Nice and Co. The author of the articles, which are utterly unfair, would have been expelled from France; but he took the precaution of taking refuge at San Remo! The French Riviera had every right to be indignant with this Russian journalist, for nowhere are Russians made more welcome than in the towns of the Côte d'Azur.

An Exclusive Club

The only place where you will find anything like smart people at Monte Carlo these dull days is the International Sporting Club, a sort of annexe to the Casino, open to members of respectable London, Parisian, and other clubs. Here one can take refuge from the very mixed crowd that makes the Casino itself anything but pleasant in the afternoon. There are two roulette tables going in the afternoon, and if one arrives in good time one can be sure of a seat. It is at the Sporting Club that the Louis Ganne concerts are given for the time being, though that celebrated orchestra is to be removed to the new annexe of the Casino as soon as the workmen have done with it.

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

[Readers will, I am sure, regret to learn of Mr. Raphael's illness, and will unite in wishing him a speedy recovery.—Ed.]

A Moral Causerie

I am going to be very moral. I am lying on my back, with the Hotel des Ventes (which is the Paris version of Christie's) facing me, and an operation in the immediate future. Don't misunderstand me. I am not going to pawn my goods and chattels or to be sold up. I am going out to an operating table presently, in a taxi-cab with nice fat tyres, and lying by instead of standing by this week the spirit moves me to be moral. Not at my own expense or yours, my new weekly victims. I want to discourse upon French honesty. It is the funniest thing in the world to think of, but it's an absolute fact that the words honesty and dishonesty, honest and dishonest, do not exist in the French language at all. It is no good slapping your dictionary in triumph and pointing to *honnête* and *malhonnête* and all that tribe of words. They do not mean honesty and dishonesty at all; they mean honour and dishonour. And I suppose the words don't exist in French because French men and women really don't know what honesty and dishonesty mean.

The Pliable French

Go to a Paris tradesman. Give him a piece of work to do and ask him to name a definite day for its delivery. If you don't know the ropes, you naturally tell him the last day on which you really want delivery. He never thinks of delivering until a few days later. He may have put you to great inconvenience. You go and tell him so. His answer will be an eloquent shoulder-shrug, and "*Qu'est ce que je vous voulez que je vous dise moi?*" The literal meaning of this pretty phrase is, "What do you want me to say to you?" The Frenchman who uses it thinks that it means a confession of helplessness. It does not. It is the delightful phrase evolved out of the genius of the French language to express the pliability of the French character. "What do you want me to say to you?" In other words, "Only give it a name, and I will tell any lie or make any excuse you can possibly wish." Mind you, I love the French. A friend of mine was very fond of a very affectionate puppy (four legs) not so much because of his affection as because of the dainty maestria with which he stole. One loves the French very much like that.

Negative Honesty

Honesty, in the downright blundering British sense of the word, has no existence in a Frenchman's or Frenchwoman's ego. But they are not consciously dishonest either. The whole thing is a negative, and the negation is so charmingly inconsequent that it is very hard indeed to lose one's temper with it for more than five minutes at a time. For instance, in an omnibus, the conductor, a good, hard-working man, who keeps a wife and family on a very modest wage, will, if he sees his chance, rob you deliberately of a halfpenny in your change. He won't take a penny—that would be thieving—but he will take a halfpenny, and if you find him out thinks all the better of you for your quickness and returns it with a charming smile. The Paris Post Office will charge you a penny if you want a receipt for a telegram. It will charge you twopence-halfpenny, and insist on your paying it, as a receipt for registering your telegraphic address. Your telegram may cost £2, your telegraphic address less than half that sum. The Paris Post Office robs you genteely—"*Il n'y a pas de petits bénéfices.*"

Shopping at the Louvre

A Frenchman makes you a promise in a business matter and breaks it. "But, my dear old," he will say to you if you protest, and will put his arm affectionately round your shoulders. "But, my dear old, there was nothing written." This answer is a Frenchman's view of everyday honesty in epigram. He will do honour to his signature, but a promise, the ordinary everyday honesty which common-place Anglo-Saxons affect, has no meaning for our friends the French. And, mind you, although it is aggravating sometimes, one almost loves them for the charm of their absence of honesty. It is annoying to be cheated out of a halfpenny, to get a piece of work done upon Friday week when it was promised you on the day after to-morrow without fail, but it is infinitely charming to listen to a pretty Frenchwoman describing the bargains at the Louvre. "The lace was rather dear, *ma chère*, but I picked up another piece while the salesman was not looking." In England this would be larceny. I don't know what it is in France. If the lady were caught there would, of course, be trouble. But if she is not caught, she talks about it very freely in Society, and everybody takes her point of view. But it is rather absurd to talk about honesty at election time, isn't it? When I read of the methods by which your various parties are angling for votes, I sometimes have hopes of the durability of the *Entente Cordiale*. For so frankly, naïvely mendacious do you all seem to be getting over there that soon your national character will become positively Gallic. In a few years time, when a Frenchman shall meet an Englishman, no more shall he shudder at the sight of so much honesty. The new John Bull will charm all French beholders by his newly found falsity. *Au revoir!* When the operation's over, I will not discourse on morals, *mes amis*.

Rostand Chez Lui

M. Edmond Rostand, the great French poet, author of "Chantecler"

M. Edmond Rostand on his Estate at Cambo, Basses-Pyrénées

Mme. Rostand

The Cambo Estate, where "Chantecler" was Written

M. Edmond Rostand Feeding Chicken at Cambo

Paris is already tired of *Chantecler*—said to be the poet Rostand's masterpiece—even before it has been produced. The play was ready in 1904, and hundreds of columns have been written about it since. Coquelin accepted it, but rehearsals were not begun till 1908. Then Coquelin fell ill. Rehearsals stopped. Coquelin died. Since then there has been everlasting discussion as to the cast and date of production

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

EVERYBODY, whatever his politics, will be feeling sorry for the various election agents who have taken part in the campaign. The solemn thought cannot be avoided—where will these poor fellows go when they die?

* * *

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.—(1) Yes, "Birdie," I am afraid each side has been guilty of the grossest misrepresentations of the other side's policy. (2) Yes, "Rosenbaum," the English people sends representatives to Parliament to make the laws.

* * *

IT is sometimes urged against us that we are becoming an excitable people, and perhaps the elections have given some colour to the charge. But we have our moderates too. In the very thick of the struggle our leading halfpenny journal continued to discuss the question, "Do Ants Reason?"

* * *

NO conclusion was arrived at. But it helped to steady the nerves of those who felt that the German Army might drop down on them anyway, whether they voted for Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour.

* *

SIR W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., speaking at the Royal Academy of Arts last week, declared that "This Age of Rush is not favourable to the development of artists' visions." Yet if the election posters were not the visions of artists, what were they?

* * *

THE Americans have fallen in love with Mr. Forbes Robertson's voice, and schoolgirls are being taken to hear him in order that they may imitate his tones. This is admirable, and, to encourage it, I think we ought to offer prizes to the most docile young ladies.

* * *

THE first prize might be the son of a Belted Earl, the second might be a certificate "Highly commending Sadie for her English pronunciation."

* * *

I SEE that a grandee of Spain has been arrested for having the apparatus for coining in his country house. No doubt the unfortunate peer was only anxious to raise the money to pay for his land-tax without having to withdraw his annual subscription to the local football club.

On General Leave, Smyrna
"Get on with it, you —— 'taint 'stand easy' yet"
(Drawn by G. T. JAMES, *H.M.S. "Invincible," Portsmouth)*

BIOGRAPHIES are likely to be monotonous this year. Mr. Lloyd George declares that "lots of people have attempted his life."

* * *

THERE is to be an Army Pageant at the Fulham Palace in June, and Mr. F. R. Benson, its Master, is looking for a Joan of Arc and two understudy Joans to lead a charge against the British Knights. They have to scatter the British Knights, and the part, Mr. Benson thinks, will require some nerve.

* * *

THERE should, however, be no difficulty in securing quite a large choice of Joans, particularly if they are allowed, while charging, to cry aloud "Votes for Women." Translated into mediæval French, it would sound well and create a panic.

* * *

I DO not know how the rest of the Pageant is to go. An effective scene would be our German waiters mobilising at Chatham, and Mr. Haldane at the head of the Territorials refusing to believe it possible. Mr. Cody might drop melinite from his airship—without respect of persons.

* * *

NO quarter should be asked, and no tips given.

* * *

"NO statesmanship," remarked Mr. Asquith, "can attempt to construct a tariff in defiance of the opinion of every one of the great industrial centres." Of course not! Imagine allowing our policy regarding trade to be influenced by obscure pocket boroughs like Birmingham, sleepy packet stations like Liverpool, fashionable spas such as Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Wednesbury, West Bromwich, Coventry, Kidderminster, Sunderland, Preston, decayed military and naval townships such as Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Smart Set leisure lounges such as Mile End, Bow, and West Southwark—all of which, in the depths of their aristocratic arrogance, voted for Tariff Reform.

* * *

THE result of the elections has reduced substantially the majority of M.P.'s over other members of the staff of the *Daily News*.

"The Bystander's" Own Pantomime

IN SIX TABLEAUX. BY H. M. BATEMAN

No. IV.—ON THE DESERT ISLAND

The principals arrive in full force after the shipwreck

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN MORROW

"CAPTAIN KIDD" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

A PLAY that has been adapted from another play is a rather new experience for most of us. Mr. Seymour Hicks has taken in hand the successful farce of Richard Harding Davis, entitled *The Dictator*, which was produced some years ago at the Duke of York's Theatre (I think), and has turned it into a rollicking musical comedy. This has involved not only an alteration of the dialogue, but also the introduction of the usual bevy of young and lovely girls, without which no musical comedy is complete. I should not, of course, expect anyone to be interested in this purely subsidiary part of the entertainment, but I am obliged to place on record the fact that the ladies are there, because there they are. Some of them appear in yachting costumes, and others in mantillas and the other accessories of the Señorita costume; while others, again, are dressed in fancy frocks of such a rich colour that if you shut your eyes you can see it for several moments afterwards. It is a fine, brisk show, designed, perhaps, as much for the gallery as the stalls, and humorous to such an extent that now and again the chief performers are surprised into laughter themselves. And Mr. Leslie Stuart has fitted the music to the story very cleverly. Some of his tunes will, no doubt, be heard of again.

THE plot is, perhaps, too familiar to need more than a brief recapitulation. Viscount Albany and his valet, having got mixed up in a street-fight in New York, are apprehensive that they have killed their man, and take the first steamer for the wilds in consequence. The destination of the steamer is one of those quaint Southern Republics where you are an honoured President one day and a fugitive from justice the next. An enterprising American on board is on his way to take up the United States Consulship of the Republic; but he finds when they are in port that stern justice awaits him on shore in consequence of his share in a State plot, and he accepts Lord Albany's offer to take his place. There is also on shore a lady who is waiting to give the American gentleman the choice of marrying her or of dying by violence. We need not stop to argue as to whether there is anything to choose between the two fates, as the American gentleman very reasonably shrinks from both, especially as he is already married to another lady. Lord Albany, who has called himself "Captain Kidd" ever since he left New York, cheerfully undertakes both risks, and the rest of the story deals with his adventures in the Republic.

MR. HICKS is, of course, "Captain Kidd," and he dashes through the part with all his well-known mercurial energy. He sings, he dances, he cracks jokes of the nigger-minstrel variety, and he seems to have revived in the play all the comic "business" that has ever been employed on the stage. I do not think I remember a production in which there was so much humour that has been not so much dragged as frog's-marched into the story. Every opportunity is taken of being funny. When Mr. Hicks is engaged in making love seriously to the heroine, he asks her to come with him for a trip on life's scenic railway. The request reduces the lady to the confession that the last time she was on a scenic railway she lost her hair. And while you are wondering why a lady should make such a damaging admission to the gentleman who is offering to marry her, you see the reason for it all in Mr. Hicks's retort that if she goes on again she will probably get her switch back. On another occasion the valet comes on the scene and somewhat irrelevantly observes that there is a man at the door

with a wooden leg. Mr. Hicks promptly instructs him to tell the man that they don't want any to-day, thank you. These examples are, I think, fairly typical of the snippy dialogue, apropos of nothing in particular, of which the play is composed. And as frequent jokes of this sort cut into the main interest of the story a good deal, it is obvious that a tremendous amount of energy is required to ram the good things home when the audience is becoming a little satiated with luxuries. Mr. Hicks is, however, quite equal to the occasion. Bottom the Weaver flattered himself that he was fairly versatile, but Mr. Hicks is more versatile still, and he is, besides, a man of deeds, not words. Whether he possesses the accomplishment of being able to roar like a sucking dove I do not know, but he seems able to do anything else that may be required. If he is not joking, he is dancing; if a laugh is wanted in a hurry, he will fall against a soldier in a gorgeous uniform, and when the soldier holds out a warning finger, Mr. Hicks will hang his hat on it, and hardly wait for the laughter and applause that follow the jest in his anxiety to get on to the next piece of fun—such as, for instance, snatching off another soldier's helmet-plumes to make a hat-brush. It puzzles me how he manages to think of all these dreadfully funny things.

SKETCHED AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

THEN there are the ladies of the chorus. Have I mentioned them already? I'm so sorry. At the same time, you know, some of them are really very sweet, and there are types of beauty to suit all tastes. My own ideal type of beauty is represented by about seventeen different styles, and they are all there on the stage at one time or another. Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is the heroine, has, of course, a sweetness of her own, which seems to increase with the years. Miss Terriss is as charming and dainty as ever, and she has several examples of the kind of song which has always been so popular among her public. She sings and dances apparently without conscious effort, and her quiet and singularly agreeable humour is in marked contrast to the rush and bustle of Mr. Hicks, whose cataclysmic jolliness gives you the idea of being occasionally a little forced. Another lady, Miss Ivy St. Helier, turns out to be, if I may so phrase it, quite a surprise packet. Miss St. Helier is not very tall, and when she first appears as the stewardess of the good ship *Bolivar*, and talks about her romantic soul, we anticipate a farcical performance of the wildest kind. Later on she finds herself under arrest, and is chained to a fellow-prisoner, a dismal-looking missionary; and after she has talked to him of the realms where love is king, and has set us chuckling again, she suddenly bursts into song that is up to operatic standard. Miss St. Helier has a finely trained

voice of rare quality, and the thunder of applause that greeted her singing was well deserved.

A VERY good foil for Mr. Hicks's energetic acting is provided by Mr. Hugh E. Wright as the Earl's valet. Mr. Wright is a humorist of the type of Mr. Alfred Lester. He wears a long and dismal face, and like the lady in Artemus Ward's story, he is "saddest when he sings." The only difference between the two is that the lady's audience replied that they shared her grief on that occasion, whereas Mr. Wright's sadness is a distinct contribution to the gaiety of the evening, and his song about the value of mascots might be extended with advantage. All the songs in the piece strike me as being very well written. Miss Terriss has a humorous one sandwiched in between her more serious efforts, and this is quite a mine of gentle wit. One of Mr. Hicks's best songs is that in which he boasts of his constancy to his lady-love, whose name varies with every verse. The idea is not, perhaps, quite new, but Mr. Hicks gives it very well, and, with the interpolations by the chorus, it becomes very amusing. That reminds me that I haven't said anything about the ladies of the chorus, who——oh, did I? Well, that's all right, then. I like to try and think of everybody. Several of the ladies are quite unusually fascinating, and they work together with a zest that shows them to have been cleverly trained. Another successful performer is Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm, who might be seen on the stage a little more with advantage. As it is, as soon as he has begun to work up a humorous situation, it is time for him to go off again, and as we know him from experience to be a humorist of the first water, we miss him when he has gone. Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm is the wireless telegraph operator of the ship, and he is attached in the same capacity to the Consulate on shore. "Captain Kidd" tries to bluff the President into the belief that there is a man-of-war within firing distance of the town; but the President scornfully refuses to believe any such fanciful story, especially as the view from the Consulate windows embraces the sea to the horizon line. Consequently it comes as something of a shock when presently a "wireless" actually does come through to say that a ship has not only arrived in the harbour, but has landed a party of sailors. If naval operations can be carried out so quickly as that, it is no wonder we are on our guard against our eastern neighbours. And, finally, there are the ladies of the chor——oh, yes. I mentioned them, didn't I? That's all right. JINGLE.

"The Follies" at the Apollo Theatre

Mr. Pélissier is growing thinner. I make the statement fully conscious of the awful responsibility thereby entailed. I make it with regret. The truth is always painful. How has it happened? Personally, I never believed the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat." Whenever I see the Follies I leave a good deal thinner and lighter. Does this explain Mr. Pélissier's falling away? Have the convulsing antics of his own company lured him into laughing away his adipose tissue? But enough of vain theorising. The *fact*, as the candidate says, remains. I shall never visit the Apollo Theatre again till the Follies are disbanded by Mr. Lloyd George for daring to be frivolous. I can't bear it. Their programme hurts. I used up two handkerchiefs, my neck-scarf, a programme-girl's apron, and the opera-cloak of the lady sitting in front of me in endeavouring to soak up my tears of laughter. I'm sure the elderly gentleman sitting next me must have caught a cold. I'm sorry, but don't blame me, sir—blame Pélissier. They say that Cheshire cats laugh because they see the cheese made. If they could be entertained at the Apollo for once, they would never again see any humour in cheese. The Follies are just now doing a new skit on pantomime. Don't go near it. If you must—take a pail. B. M. H.

SKETCHED AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Our Miss Gibson

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS PHYLLIS BARKER

Who is now playing in "Our Miss Gibbs" at the Gaiety. She strongly resembles the type that was once popularly known as the Gibson Girl

D.F.

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD

FOREIGNERS AND OUR ELECTIONS: AUSTRIAN TOPICS

The Election Abroad

I have never seen anything like the interest which Germans and Frenchmen alike showed in the present British General Election. Even the German Reichstag elections take place without any extraordinary excitement, and in France only the local papers give speeches at anything like extensive length. In Germany in particular the feeling is intense, and there is a general impression that the peace of Europe may be dependent on the result. Very absurdly, Germans take the fatuous declarations of candidates as if they were political party gospel. When one ex-Cabinet Minister, however, talked of Germany's making a naval base of Belfast and the Chancellor of the Exchequer seriously referred to black bread and horseflesh as the staple German diet, they saw the joke, and began to feel a little more at ease. However, the unrest has passed through the country again, and I was told a little while ago by a German naval officer that, although an immense service had been rendered to the German cause of Imperialism, everybody felt very uneasy as to what was going to happen next.

M. Botrel

Who is to be sued for 160,000 francs for publishing an act of *Chantecler* in his revue, "La Bonne Chanson," by *L'Illustration*, who had bought the rights for 1,000,000 francs. Botrel is famous as a singer of Breton songs

French Jingos

In France the feeling is different. The majority of Frenchmen want peace, but there is a strong party who would be glad of some excuse for an International row. M. Doumer authorises me to say that the bellicose anti-German feelings attributed to him are far from the truth. There are, however, the remnants of the old "Nationalist" or Boulanger party, who in reality are Royalists, and are only longing to have an International complication which might have a drastic consequence, and these people are delighted at the thought of an Anglo-German war. As they are a noisy section of the French people, one hears more of them than their numbers warrant. The new German Chancellor is a supporter of good relations with England and France. His son is at Oxford, and he is a great admirer of English methods.

Peace in Austria

It is now, in Austria-Hungary, that one begins to see the great benefit of the Friedjung trial. Never has such peace reigned. The Friedjung trial is an historical event, then, to say the least of it, and will possibly involve an entire change in the Hapsburg policy towards the Southern Slavs. M. Friedjung is an historian of great value, a charming and interesting conversationalist, and considered in political circles in Vienna as the *âme damné* of Count von Aehrenthal. He belongs to that class of politicians peculiar to the Dual-Monarchy—the Christian-Socialists. It is his policy to tell you in everything the truth, and he tells it with such ease and conviction that he is not always believed. It was by no means an easy matter to understand what was really going on in Croatia. The Croatians have always vehemently protested their loyalty and devotion to the Hapsburgs. They are counted as the best subjects of the Emperor-King, and yet the treatment they have received from Austria revives memories of the Austrian occupation of Italy—with this difference, that the Italians were disloyal.

Croatian Troubles

The Englishman who, perhaps, best understands the various complicated questions of the Dual-Monarchy is Mr. Steed, of Vienna. When in Marienbad Mr. Steed has the honour of keeping the King posted up in foreign affairs. He gives one a most picturesque description of the whole history of the Croatian woes, showing that all action on the part of the Southern Slavs was prompted by loyalty and good will, but it was interpreted as treason. The greater the effort made by the Croatians to conciliate the Viennese Government, the greater was the pressure put on them by Vienna. When the Southern Slavs conceived the noble idea of working together for the re-establishment of their triple kingdom—Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia—and made an alliance with the Hungarian coalition then in conflict with Vienna, the Vienna Government thought this Fiume resolution spelt treason, and regarded and treated them with increasing distrust. The Hungarian Government, too, tried to crush this Serbo-Croatian coalition. Then follows the story of the political prisoners of Agram, the delegation organised by Baron Rauch, the suspension of the Croatian Diet, and a whole fabric of base intrigue, out of which Austria-Hungary had but a narrow escape.

"Positively Does Me Justice"

SAYS MR. ROOSEVELT OF THIS PORTRAIT

A NEW PORTRAIT OF COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Taken at Nairobi, British East Africa, on the 17th ult., by W. D. Young. The ex-President considers it the best portrait of himself he has seen

"The Grey Dawn is Breaking"

SUNRISE BEHIND MOUNT SLIOCH, OVER LOCH MAREE, SCOTL

Sunrise in the Scottish Hills

AND: A CAMERA STUDY BY B. WARD-THOMPSON, F.R.P.S.

PRIVATE!

A Picture for Mr. Lloyd George

PRIVATE!

A RAILWAY SMASH, IN WHICH A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE LOST HIS LIFE (DEATH DUTIES MILLIONS OF DOLLARS)

Confusion of signals was responsible for the recent terrible accident on the New York Central Railway. Three were killed, including Mr. Spencer Trask, head of the great banking firm. Mr. Trask was one of the few American millionaires whose riches were absolutely untainted. He was sixty-six years of age, a director of many railways, a patron of the fine arts, and an author of repute

NOT IN THE TEXT BOOKS

A SHORT STORY

By SAMUEL GORDON

THREE times already that same afternoon Maggie Hollingswood had stood listening outside her husband's study door and had gone away again with a suppressed sigh. The fourth time, however, she entered without hesitation, and stepping up to him laid her hand on his shoulder.

"John, dear, you must really leave off."

"Eh—what?" he asked, lifting his dazed, glazed eyes to her.

"You've been at it since the morning with only a few minutes break for lunch. Something will happen to you if you go on like this."

"Can't help it, Maggie. I've got to finish the play whatever happens, and I haven't got too much time. Don't worry me, there's a good girl. I'm in splendid swing. Hold hard there a minute," he exclaimed suddenly, holding up a warning hand as he stared blankly ahead of him. "I've got it," and bending again to the page he scribbled half a dozen lines at a furious rate.

"That's done it—that finishes the third act," he went on, throwing down the pen and lumbering laboriously to his feet. "Well, you're right, that's about enough for to-day."

"If I were you, John, I'd go out for a long walk now," she said anxiously.

"By Jove, not a bad idea that. I think I shall."

"Get up West and have a good dinner out. I shan't be here when you come back. You know I promised to spend the evening at mother's."

"Right you are—right you are, Maggie," he said breezily.

He took up his pipe and tobacco-pouch and walked rather stiffly down into the hall. There he put on his bowler, and then took it off again and looked at it with surprise. The hat must have shrunk a size or two, for the rim squeezed his head as with a ring of iron. He exchanged it for a cloth cap. Even that sat on him with a leaden weight. In the invigorating briskness of the October afternoon, the haze that wrapt his brain lifted a little. He strode along leaning heavily on his stick. Yes, Maggie was right—he had been overdoing it.

And he knew why. He was putting on full steam ahead for the reason that is the secret motive force of many a man in the mad rush for success—the need of racing against himself. He did not know what staying power there was left in him. After years of drudgery and failure, he had at last attracted some notice with a curtain-raiser at a West-End theatre, and the result had been a commission from a leading actor-manager. He had his chance, and he knew that if he missed it he would not get a second one. He was putting into his effort all his reserve strength, all the best he was capable of—he was making a desperate dash for the goal. Possibly he might have to pay for it later. Those queer little twinges, that clotted feeling in his head no doubt meant something, something disagreeable perhaps. Well, he had no time to inquire into that now.

He suddenly remembered that he had eaten scarcely anything all that day, and entering a restaurant he made a light meal—he was not quite equal to the good dinner his wife had enjoined on him. From there he strolled on, mingling with the crowd along Oxford Street, and pausing every now and then to look into a shop-window. Presently he passed a picture sale-room, in which a few hang-dog, dilapidated-looking men were lounging about. At the sight of a possible customer the auctioneer on the rostrum lifted up his voice and the hang-dog men clustered round him. Hollingswood observed the manœuvre with a smile. He knew the tricks of the trade. He had himself once followed the not very remunerative occupation of an auctioneer's runner-up.

"This beautiful picture by an artist rapidly making a name for himself," sang out the man on the rostrum, and proceeded to gabble off the customary string of phrases. "Shall we start with three guineas? Three guineas, gentlemen—who makes an advance?"

"Three and a half," said one of the men.

And so it went on, till the picture by the artist rapidly coming to the front was knocked down to one of the pseudo-customers for ten pounds fifteen. Hollingswood was meanwhile nonchalantly making the round of the room, scrutinising the exhibits. They were all tawdry, second-rate stuff. Just as he was about to leave, his eye was caught by a canvas in a tarnished gold frame standing in a corner, thickly coated with dust and dirt, which almost obliterated all traces of the painting. Little more could be seen of it than that it represented the head and bust of a woman.

A curious fancy, an irresistible impulse, seized Hollingswood to buy the picture. If he had any ostensible reason for it it was that its size would just fit the space over the mantelpiece in the dining-room which Maggie always complained looked so bare. If it was not altogether a daub, Maggie would be pleased to have it. A soft and tender feeling for his wife came suddenly upon him. Poor Maggie—good little woman! How loyally she had stood by him through the dark days. She deserved any little pleasure he could give her. After some haggling he secured the purchase for three pounds. He had it wrapped up and took it along with him. At the first chemist shop he passed he bought a mixture of turps and ammonia. He would try to make the thing a little more presentable before he showed it to Maggie.

Back at his house he found that his wife had not come home yet. He carried the picture up to his study, took off his coat and set about the work with a right good will. The mechanical exercise of cleaning the canvas was a pleasant relaxation after the stress and strain of his mental labours. By-and-by, however, as the picture began to stand out more clearly

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under its layer of grime, he became aware of a keener and more conscious interest in it. A strange excitement was taking hold of him, a wave of fevered impatience thrilled him powerfully. The harmless transaction was investing itself with a spirit of mystery and adventure. He flicked away the last few specks of dust, and with a shaking hand hung the picture on a vacant nail in the wall over against his study table.

As he had already discovered the painting was a copy, a fine copy of a fine work. Of the original he had never heard. All he could tell was, that it must be the work of some great painter of the Southern school. The woman it depicted was, from her features, a native of the Levant. In her face dwelt the magic of the East. It was a wonderful face, marvellous of contour and colouring. The full, ripe, provocative lips curled sensuously.

Hollingswood sat down and gazed at her in a kind of magnetic trance. How long he sat thus he did not know. He heard the maid tiptoeing up to her room. He leapt up and turned the key in the lock. A little later his wife knocked at the door and admonished him not to stay up late. He made some inarticulate reply. The early dawn was already stealing in when he tottered half stupified to bed. One thing he had made up his mind upon: the picture was not going to fill the empty space over the dining-room mantelpiece. The picture would stay where it was.

. . . . .

He came down to breakfast next morning haggard and shifty-eyed. His wife, who had long preceded him, awaited him with a loving look.

"Oh, John, it's splendid," she said impetuously.

He gave a start.

"What is splendid?"

"The third act, John. I read it after you left yesterday—you don't mind, do you, dear?"

"Oh, not at all—not at all," he replied absently.

"And the curtain, it's bound to bring the house down."

"Possibly, possibly."

The glad, loving look changed to one of wistfulness.

"Aren't you pleased to hear it, John?" she asked.

"Of course I'm pleased to hear it. In fact, I think it's rather good myself. But it's difficult for some people to work up an enthusiasm about themselves."

"You were up very late last night," she suggested as a possible explanation for his pessimism.

"Was I? I believe I was. Mapping out the fourth act, you know."

"Is it all right?"

"Don't know. But I've nearly got it shipshape."

"That's excellent. Then the play'll be finished..."

"Oh, I can't say about that. In a day or two, if I've got any luck. You'll see that I'm not bothered or interrupted, will you?"

"Of course I will, John, dear. By the way, that's a striking picture you brought home last night."

"Picture? Oh, yes, I picked it up cheap."

He gulped down a cup of coffee and rose from the table with a curt nod. She looked after him wonderingly, but made no attempt to detain him.

Hollingswood made his way up to the study with slow, meditative steps. Upon him lay a heavy sense of guilt for the lie he had told his wife, the first lie since they were married. He entered his room with a curious mixture of apprehension and desire. The maid had been dusting when he passed it before, and he had not yet seen the picture that morning. The magic it had exhaled the previous night seemed redoubled in the rich light of the forenoon sun. The face had taken to itself an alluring expression, which had in it both entreaty and domination. The pouting lips seemed to have become resonant with living words—they were vibrating with cajolings and caresses.

He made one last effort to throw off the obsession, to string tight his every sinew in this struggle for reason and sanity, he might almost say, for life. But he knew he was a beaten man. He knew it from the paradoxic sense of fear and fascination with which the sight of the picture filled him. Its spell was insinuating itself into his very soul, binding him hand and foot. Vampire-like, it was draining him of his strength, of his power of initiative, of concentration. Time after time he planted himself at his desk—the pen fell from his nerveless fingers, his eyes sickened at the thought of the pages waiting to be filled.

And then came a whole succession of days when he lived and breathed only in the presence of that demoniacally alluring face. All other considerations of everyday life faded from his mind. He cared not what Maggie might think of the change in his habits, his loss of appetite, his irregular comings and goings, his long closetings in his study behind locked doors.

But the subject was not one that could go on being ignored indefinitely. One afternoon, as he looked for a moment into the sitting-room, he saw a letter waiting for him there. He read it hurriedly and thrust it into his pocket with a grunt of disgust.

"I could see it was from the theatre," remarked his wife quietly. "Mayn't I know what Summers says?"

"Confound Summers—what is he to say? He's asking me to hurry up, that's all. Or rather, not all. He says that if I don't deliver the script by the day after to-morrow the contract's off."

"Well, I think he's been very considerate, John," she said.

"That's right, back him up. That's just what I might expect from you."

"No, John," she said, keeping up bravely; "but you told me a fortnight ago that it would be merely a matter of a day or two. . ."

"Hang it all," he shouted angrily, "am I always going to be jockeyed like this? What with Summers and you—it's enough to drive a fellow crazy."

With tear-dimmed eyes she looked after him as he flung out, praying for a glimpse of light to reveal to her what had brought this change over that kind, loving husband of hers.

She got all the revelation she wanted that very night. Hollingswood had gone to bed comparatively early. About two o'clock Maggie woke up to find that he had slipped on his clothes and was stealing out of the room. Cautiously, and with beating heart, she followed. He had gone into the study and had left the door slightly ajar. Through the narrow opening she saw him standing in front of the picture. Presently his arms shot out, and with a passionate gesture he snatched it from the wall and pressed it to his lips.

For a few moments the action, half terrifying, half grotesque, held her rooted to the spot. Then she resolutely threw the door wide and stepped in.

(Continued on page 188)

High-Jumping on Skates

A PERFORMER CLEARS SIX CHAIRS AT ST. MORITZ

Photo *G. R. Ballance*

A BRILLIANT FEAT ON THE ST. MORITZ LAKE IN THE ENGADINE

This particular display of "free" skating is rarely attempted, and is, indeed, frowned upon by devotees of the International style. Its difficulty, however, cannot be disputed. Tremendous speed is necessary, and a rare nicety of judgment is required to pick the right spot for the take-off

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"What, in heaven's name, are you doing, John?" she asked, as calmly as her flying breath would allow her to speak.

"I don't know, Maggie — I don't know," he answered plaintively. "All I can say is that this cursed thing here has got hold of me and won't let me go. That's all, Maggie."

She went up to him and put her arm round his neck as he solicitously replaced the picture on the wall.

"John, dear, you're downright ill. You've been overworking yourself."

"Overworking? That's good. All I've been doing is to sit in front of her and look and look. Why, if it wouldn't sound altogether too mad, I'd say I've been spending my time carrying on a deuce of a flirtation with her."

"John, we shall go away into the country to-morrow," she said firmly.

"Anything you please, Maggie, I don't mind—as long as I can take her away with me. I shall never be able to get away from her anyhow, not if I live to a hundred. But I know quite well what's at the bottom of it all," he added, turning to her with an air of fatuous cunning.

"Of course you know," she agreed, anxious to humour him at all costs.

"I figured it out while I was sitting here alone with her, Meg. That woman, I'm sure, was once alive, perhaps centuries and centuries ago. I knew her in a previous incarnation. I must have offended her in some way or other—jilted her, goodness knows what. And now she's turned up again to have her revenge on me. And she having it—by Jove, she's having it. She's clean done for me, Meg."

"That's very clever, very ingenious, John," she said, heroically dissembling her alarm. "It would make a fine plot for a romance—you must really try your hand at it, John."

"Must I? I shall never try my hand at anything again, Maggie. She'll see to that—take my word."

"Oh, you can never tell, John. Besides, it's no good discussing it now. Don't you think you had better get back to bed again?"

"If you think so, Meg; but we'll talk it over in the morning, eh?"

"Certainly, John, in the morning."

. . . . .

She was quite prepared to talk the matter over next day, but not with him. There was some one else with whom discussion might be more profitable. By eight o'clock she was ready dressed, and walking out into the street hailed the first passing cab. A quarter of an hour later she was at her destination, the residence of Sir William Bradbury, the famous alienist. He had been an intimate friend of her late father, and she knew she might presume on a call at that unorthodox hour. She was not mistaken. Presently she was sitting face to face with the great brain specialist, pouring out her story with an impetuous rush of words. He listened very attentively, making no attempt to interrupt her.

"That's very odd, my dear, very odd," he observed, when she had come to the end. Then he fixed her with a hard, steady stare. "But are you quite sure you haven't dreamed all this?"

"I wish to God I had, Sir William," she replied, her nether lip trembling with her emotion.

"Well," he said reflectively," the best thing would be to send him to me."

"Oh, no, no, I can't do that! He mustn't know I've been to you—it would frighten him and make him worse."

"There's something in that," he nodded. "Then I'd better drop in on you instead, quite in a casual and accidental sort of way. But it can't be this week. Meanwhile, go about as if nothing had happened."

"But—what about the picture?"

"Oh, the picture. I'd carefully leave that alone. Don't in any way meddle with it. And don't worry. It'll come all right."

She left the great man's presence with an overwhelming sense of helplessness upon her. From whom, indeed, could she expect to find help, or even belief for her story? It was evident from Sir William's manner to her that it was she whom he suspected of suffering from hallucinations, and not her husband.

And what now? Sir William would not call till next week. And by then what might or might not happen? One thing was bound to happen, she recollected with a pang of fear and heartache—the lapse of the contract. And that meant sliding back into the slough of penury and hardship from which they had but so recently and almost miraculously escaped. It meant the ruin of her husband's career. Nay, more; she would see him glide by sure degrees into some insidious form of insanity; and, what was worst of all, she had to grapple with a malevolent but elusive rival for the possession of his love. And she was to sit idle and watch the ruin crash down over her and all she held dearest in the world!

No, she could not be expected to do that. One blow she must strike in her own defence. And if it proved mortal, it was still better than the sickening agony of uncertainty which her life had become. She was on no account to meddle with the picture, Sir William had said. What did the physician know? What was the efficacy of his philtres and formulæ compared with the courage of a despairing woman's heart?

All the morning she went about maturing her plan. It was not till the afternoon that she got an opportunity of carrying it into effect. She heard him go out by the street door, probably to fetch a fresh jar of tobacco—the only errand on which he now ever left the house. A few moments later she was in the study. With trembling but resolute hands she lifted the picture from the wall and put in its place a pastel of herself as she was in the days of her girlish grace when he had wooed and won her. Then she fled back to the sitting-room with the feeling of one escaping from the lighted fuse of a powder train, clutching the fatal picture tightly to herself. Half dazed, she stepped over to the bright, blazing hearth, and then in a spasm of ungovernable fury she tore at the canvas, wrenched at the matchwood frame, and threw the mass of shreds and splinters into the grate. A hundred red little tongues shot up, lapped greedily at the fresh food, and then flickered down again sullenly into the heart of the fire.

She heard him re-enter the house and ponderously mount the stairs. Her heart gave a great thud, and then seemed to stop beating. Inwardly and outwardly there had come to her a vast silence. Oh, what had she done? In a wild paroxysm of fear she

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The Meet at the Cross Roads

Photo *Sport and General*

A RECENT MEET OF THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM HOUNDS AT WASHINGTON: ARRIVAL OF THE PACK

These hounds, whose country is bounded on the south by the sea coast, are one of the oldest-established packs in Sussex. Lieut.-Col. C. B. Godman has held their Mastership for twenty-three seasons

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cowered down, gasping for air, for her remorse seemed to have her by the throat. Yes, what had she done? Oh, for the chance of undoing it! She should have taken the doctor's advice; she should have trusted to the gradual influence of time; she should not have pandered to her selfishness that dangled before her the bogey of the lapsed contract. Sooner a hundred broken contracts; sooner a thousand pangs of privation, if only she might keep her husband, snapped reed, burst bubble of a man though he was.

The twilight had drawn in, but she had lost count of time. Whether it was minutes or hours or years that were passing into eternity she neither knew nor cared to know. Upstairs, in the room that seemed a thousand miles out of her reach, things were going on, things at which even the silence shrank into a greater deadness of sound. The room upstairs by now held either a corpse or else—oh, heavens!—a grinning madman. A frenzied impulse lifted her to her feet. Yes, she would go and see for herself.

She had got as far as the sitting-room door, when it was opened from without, and she stepped back with a quick gasp. Ah! here he was, to settle with her. In the shaded light of the hall lamp, as he stood in the doorway, she could see nothing of his face, but his hands were fumbling with something white.

"What, all in the dark, little woman? Here, this won't do. Let's make a light, and I'll read it to you—the fourth act, you know. It's not really my work; it wrote itself, by Jove—hullo, Meg, what's up?"

Her answer was a deep sigh that tagged off into a whimpering sob, and before he could catch her she had gone headlong down in a dead swoon.

. . . . . .

Sir William Bradbury had been dining with the Hollingswoods to celebrate the hundredth night of the new play.

"D'you know what, Hollingswood?" Sir William was saying as the two men sat over their cigars. "I can never look at you and your wife without thinking of Cowper's ballad of the Mad Dog."

"How's that?" smiled Hollingswood.

"The man recovered from the bite—it was the dog that died," quoted Sir William. "It's you who ought to have got that attack of brain fever and not your wife. Instead of which you, you hardy brute, got off scot-free. Lord alive, you were well on your way to cerebral atrophy, locomotor ataxy, or some other sweet little thing of that sort. And I didn't believe her when she came to me. I thought it was a silly touch of neurotic pique."

"Yes, poor little woman, she had a rough time of it," said Hollingswood soberly.

"Well, I'm not altogether sorry for the mistake I made," continued Sir William. "It's these little slips that remind us that we're not infallible, and put us on our mettle. Not that I could have worked as rapid or thorough a cure as she."

"Yes, taking away that vile picture."

"No, rather, substituting her own. We don't find inspirations like that in the text-books. It was a simple but effective way of bringing back to you all those wifely claims of hers which you had forgotten in your wanderings among your phantasms. Hollingswood, you're a clever man, and I'm a clever man, but your wife is undoubtedly the cleverest of us three. I'll have a little more of this excellent Chartreuse."

SAMUEL GORDON.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT BRIDGE.—No. IV.

When this is your hand and it's your call

BY THOS. DOWNEY

Our Great Public Schools: No. XXIV.—Blundell's

BLUNDELL'S stands, far away from city smoke, in the sunny land of Devon—"naigh Hexmoor," as "oor Jan Vry" would say. All around it lie the hedges, and fields, and streams where the boys run the "Russell" steeplechase in memory of their "owd Passen Jack," who, boy and man, used to run there long ago. It is a green and sacred spot to thousands of O.B.'s, and son to father, generation to generation, they succeed each other there.

When John Ridd whispers his unworthiness through the clouds of Lorna's hair, she tenderly reminds him, "John, you have learned both Greek and Latin at the very best School in the West of England." She speaks not merely the love of Richard Blackmore for his old School, but the affection of the West Country both then and since. Abraham Hayward, the essayist, who saw most things in a long life, always called this School the Eton of the West. Archbishop Temple, the Governor of a dozen schools, wrote of her boys as "*facti e discipulis amici sedem non animum mutant.*" Both were her children, and theirs was a very old love. The monitor of the week still recites the Latin prayers his predecessor did, before we got our Bible, "*quod nos hoc loco studii pietatis et litterarum munificentia Petri Blundelli piae memoriae educamur.*" The old walls housed Royalists and Ironsides alike, and men have been sentenced to death within them. Under the old limes the Wesley brothers walked and talked with their sainted mother. The old beams date from the Armada, and beneath them the School celebrated Trafalgar, with Dumanoir himself for a guest.

The School has seen many "schemes" and survived much Government meddling. To-day, with sturdy independence, the Governors refuse the larger grant of the Board of Education. *Timent Danaos et dona ferentes.* An historic past, however, is often a doubtful heritage. Parents think much more of cubic space, and are apt to forget that three in a bed, P.B.'s, and the morning pump are as dead to-day as Tom Faggus and his strawberry mare. In 1882 the School bowed to the inevitable, and moved further into the country, and New Blundell's now stands on some thirty acres, 250ft. above the sea, a mile from its old home, and four hours by G.W.R. from London. Six boarding-houses, a big school, with twenty class-rooms, chapel, library, gym, laboratory, fives courts, cricket pavilion, sanatorium, swimming-bath, and the rest

Photo *Masland*

Blundell's School: The Principal Entrance, with Chapel in Distance

Photo] Blundell's School

From the Playing Fields [*Mudford*

all stand round the playing-fields, each house within five minutes of the other. At the Junior House, under the Chaplain, with a separate playground, the boys are taken from nine years of age. It is all a self-contained world in an ideal situation, and the result is seen in the best health statistics in England. It has always been a comparatively small school, and from its numerous benefactors an inexpensive school. It rarely exceeds 260 boys, and in consequence the boys get more Master per head than in most schools, while £80 will cover a boarder's cost.

Photo *Mudford*

Mr. A. L. Francis, Headmaster of Blundell's, in his Study

Devon is a county of soldiers and scholars, of football and athletics, and the School faithfully reflects it. A Queen's Prizeman lives in the next village, and two more within a walk. Sir Redvers Buller was a Blundell's Governor to the day of his death. The School does not forget the Devons at Wagon Hill, and sends three-fifths of the boys into the Cadet Corps, where they have won the County Shield five times in the last seven years. Scholarship did not suffer, for during the same period the School obtained the First, Third, and Fourth Wranglers, provided the Royal Society with its youngest Fellow, and earned classical honours too long to quote here. Devon has won the Rugby County Championship four times in the last ten years, always with O.B.'s in the team. This year an O.B. captains it. The School is the nursery of West Country football. Not long ago the captains of All England, Sandhurst, and Blackheath football teams were all O.B.'s. In 1909 Blundell's won the Public Schools Gymnastic Competition at Aldershot out of thirty-seven Public Schools, and took the silver medal for the best individual, and it has been third many times. But I have blown the School boy trumpet long enough.

The head of all this, Mr. A. L. Francis, is known outside the School as the author of the noble hymn sung at the Pan Anglican gathering in St. Paul's Cathedral last year, and to his boys affectionately as "F."

The School itself is rich in close scholarships, both at the School and the Universities, and it passes its boys largely into the public services, particularly the Eastern. Every little war reflects itself in honours, and brasses in the chapel. To know Blundell's best one must go to Pekin, Rhodesia, the West Coast of Africa, or the Khyber Hills. "*Gratiez la crise cherchez le Blundellian*" has passed into a proverb of its own. A. F.

Eric Spring
Head of the School

The Football Team, 1909-1910

R. H. Paddison
Captain of Shooting VIII.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

Famous Hunts at Home: No. VIII.—Marquess of Zetland's: A New Portrait of the Right Hon. the Marquess of Zetland, K.T.

Lord Zetland, who strongly believes in having only well-bred horses both for his own riding and his servants, is an ideal Master. Always courteous and quiet in the field, he is scarcely ever absent from his beloved hounds. No man is better liked in the "North Countree," and this is due to his great love for sport, his generosity, kindness of heart, and graciousness to everyone he meets

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. VIII.—Marquess of Zetland's

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby.)

The South Front, Aske, Richmond, Yorks (Lord Zetland's Seat), on a Winter's Morning

THAT famous pack which belongs to Lord Zetland and bears his name is one which is entitled to rank among the very best in England. As a pack they are not by any means the oldest in the kingdom, as they were originally got together by that excellent sportsman, Mr. Craddock, in 1866. Prior to this the country over which they hunt formed part of the immense territory which was hunted by the Earl of Darlington, afterwards first Duke of Cleveland, and who was Master for fifty-three years. When he retired the country was divided up, a portion going to the Bedale and a portion to what is now Lord Zetland's country. Mr. Craddock sold his pack in 1876, and since May 1 of that year Lord Zetland has reigned, showing sport which only such keen, true sportsmen as the Marquess alone show. For thirty-four seasons he has hunted regularly, having built excellent, roomy, healthy kennels just outside his park gates. Some very fine runs have been experienced this season, and as foxes are plentiful, and good stout customers to boot, sport is going very strong just now. The country, which lies in Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire, extends some twenty-eight miles from north to south by twenty miles from east to west. Every sort of fence occurs, but for the most part it is a flying country. There is about an equal amount of plough and grass, but not much woodland, and what there is is chiefly on the banks of the Rivers Tees and Greta. It is in the rocks in these river banks that foxes often get to ground. The farmers are very keen, and ride well to hounds, breeding their own horses. The fields are generally well mounted, and a good many ladies come out. Hounds hunt four days a week, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Will Freeman, the huntsman, is showing excellent sport.

The Marquess of Zetland and Family with the Lady Pack in Front of the House

Reading from left to right: Will Freeman (huntsman), Marquess of Zetland, Lord George Dundas, Marchioness of Zetland, Lady George Dundas

The Marquess of Zetland's Hounds at Home

Resting: Hounds in Kennel After Feeding

Soundwell, by Morpeth Solomon

Will Freeman, Huntsman, and a Yorkshire Tyke

Consul, by Grafton Dividend

Lord Zetland's Dog Pack, with Huntsman and Whips

The pack consists of fifty-three and a half couples, nineteen and a half couples being dogs, standing some 24in., and bitches 22½in. The principal strains are Belvoir and Brocklesby, and to-day they are a remarkably handsome and very level lot of hounds, showing good colour and great similarity. Their chief characteristics are excellent necks and shoulders and spring of ribs, good legs and feet, plenty of bone, and any amount of stamina. They are essentially good workers and full of blood, and in a hunting run every hound is at work, every hound throwing tongue. Their cry is beautiful, and on a cold-scenting day their perseverance is wonderful

GAMES AND PASTIMES

GOLF NOTES

St. Andrews—Club and Town: The Congestion Question

The pregnant question of the best way of dealing with the "overcrowding" problem at St. Andrews has reached a further stage in the weary and long journey to the goal of solution. It will be remembered that at the last autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club a set of proposals emanating from the Town Council was submitted to the members. These were held to be absolutely inadmissible by the Club, and there the matter was left for the moment. The story of the manner in which the town lost and regained possession of their property in the links is too long for recital by me. Those who wish to acquire the facts will find them concisely set out in "Nisbet's Golf Year Book," in that part of the section "Some Leading Golf Clubs" which relates to "The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews." For my purposes it will be sufficient to remind my readers that the links of St. Andrews are governed by an Act of Parliament known as the St. Andrews Links Act, 1894. Under this Act the management is vested in the hands of a Green Committee consisting of five members of the Royal and Ancient Club and two persons nominated by the Magistrates and Town Council of St. Andrews. This Committee holds office for a year with four as a quorum. All regulations of the Green Committee dealing with play and the order of starting must be submitted to the "Commissioners," with appeal from them to the Sheriff-Principal, whom failing, the Lord President of Court of Session, whose decision is final. I am not aware of any occasion since the passing of the Act when any question has been referred either to the Sheriff-Principal or the more august judicial authority whose decision is final. So far as I know, the Club and Town have hitherto managed to run matters fairly amicably by means of the Green Committee, but it now looks as though things were coming to a crisis which will require all the pawky wisdom of any judicial authorities concerned for its peaceable settlement.

The Golf Course at Vichy
Driving from the first Tee

The Latest Development

The further stage to which I referred above consists in a memorandum submitted to the Town Council by the Committee appointed by the Royal and Ancient Club to consider the question of the congestion of the old course. This congestion is undoubtedly a vital question for St. Andrews. I was immensely struck on arriving there on the morning of Monday of the Medal Week last autumn to see an old friend with his family, all ardent golfers and regular visitors to St. Andrews, waiting to catch the train from St. Andrews for the South. I expressed my astonishment, and was met with the explanation that "St. Andrews was quite impossible owing to the crowd," and that he and his were shaking its sand off their feet with great relief. Other friends told me the same tale, and asseverated that under present conditions golf at St. Andrews was a game that was emphatically not worth the candle. The Club memorandum sets out the proposals of the Town, and shows why the Club cannot co-operate in their scheme. While doing this the Club Committee cordially approves of that part of the Town proposals which adumbrates the making of a fourth course and the imposition of a tariff on the old course as the best means of alleviating the congestion. If the Town Council is prepared to carry out these two points the Committee will recommend the Club to give every assistance possible. The question is, therefore, narrowed down to the making of a fourth course and the placing of a tariff on the old course without prejudice to the rights given to the Club by the Act of 1894, and the Council will consider it on Feb. 14. E. LEHMANN.

Landing a Twenty-pounder
Salmon fishing in all its glory at Burn Mouth on the Tay

ROWING

Boat Race Preparations: Cambridge

Practice for the Boat Race has now been going on steadily at both 'Varsities for about a fortnight, and in a short time we shall once more be indulging in the fascinating sport of comparing the two crews, and trying to find out which will prove the faster. At present, of course, both are, practically speaking, in the experimental stage. Cambridge are the better off in the matter of Old Blues, for, besides the President, E. G. Williams, G. E. Fairbairn, of the 1908 crew, and J. B. Rosher, G. L. Thomson, and R. W. M. Arbuthnot, of last year's crew, are in residence; while among the trialsmen there is plenty of good material, though nothing exceptional, to pick from. Last year Arbuthnot rowed bow, Thomson 3, Williams 5, and Rosher 6, so that if they retain their places the seats to be filled will be 2, 4, 7, and stroke. For the important positions of stroke and 7 the President will not find it easy to pick the right men. Between the two strokes of the Trials, H. J. S. Shields and C. M. Stuart, and G. E. Fairbairn, who stroked the Jesus crew at Henley, there is, apparently, not much to choose. F. E. Hellyer, who rowed 7 in the winning Trial, seems a strong candidate for that position, while C. P. Cooke (6 in the losing crew), A. S. Lloyd, and H. G. Palmer, both of First Trinity, and R. Le Blanc Smith, of Third, have been tried at 2, 4, bow, and 3 respectively.

The Oxford Eight in the Making
A steady pull up stream past the barges at Oxford

Oxford

At Oxford the President, D. Mackinnon, has only two of his last year's colleagues, R. C. Bourne and A. S. Garton, to help him; but C. A. Gladstone, who was kept out of the boat by illness, is also in residence. Of the Trial Eights men P. G. Pope, who has recently been *hors de combat* through a mild attack of measles, P. Fleming, R. H. Owen, E. E. F. Loyd, an Eton freshman who weighs 13st. 7lb., E. Millington Drake, and T. P. Coe seem to be about the best. It is a great matter for Oxford that the stroke question is already settled, since last year's stroke, R. C. Bourne, is again available. It is also lucky that Dr. Bourne will be coaching. Last year's victory was a victory of style—of the old-fashioned long swing with a hard beginning over the shorter and more "snatchy" style which had gradually been allowed to oust it in previous years—and it is to Dr. Bourne that this reinstatement of the traditional (and, as the event proved, more effective) 'Varsity methods is mainly due. He will again have the assistance of Messrs. W. F. C. Holland and Harcourt Gold. Their chief difficulty lies in the fact that, in case of accidents, there is not much of a reserve to draw upon.

Candidates for a Blue on Trial at Cambridge
An easy after a good spell of paddling on the Isis

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

"The Bystander's" View Vindicated

My remarks in a recent issue upon the brutality of American football have called forth a letter of protest from a former student of Yale University now resident in England, wherein I am politely, but quite unmistakably, called an ignoramus and a—well, let us say an Ananias. The following passage from the *Field*, a paper which is deservedly renowned for the accuracy of its information, is, therefore, worth quoting:—

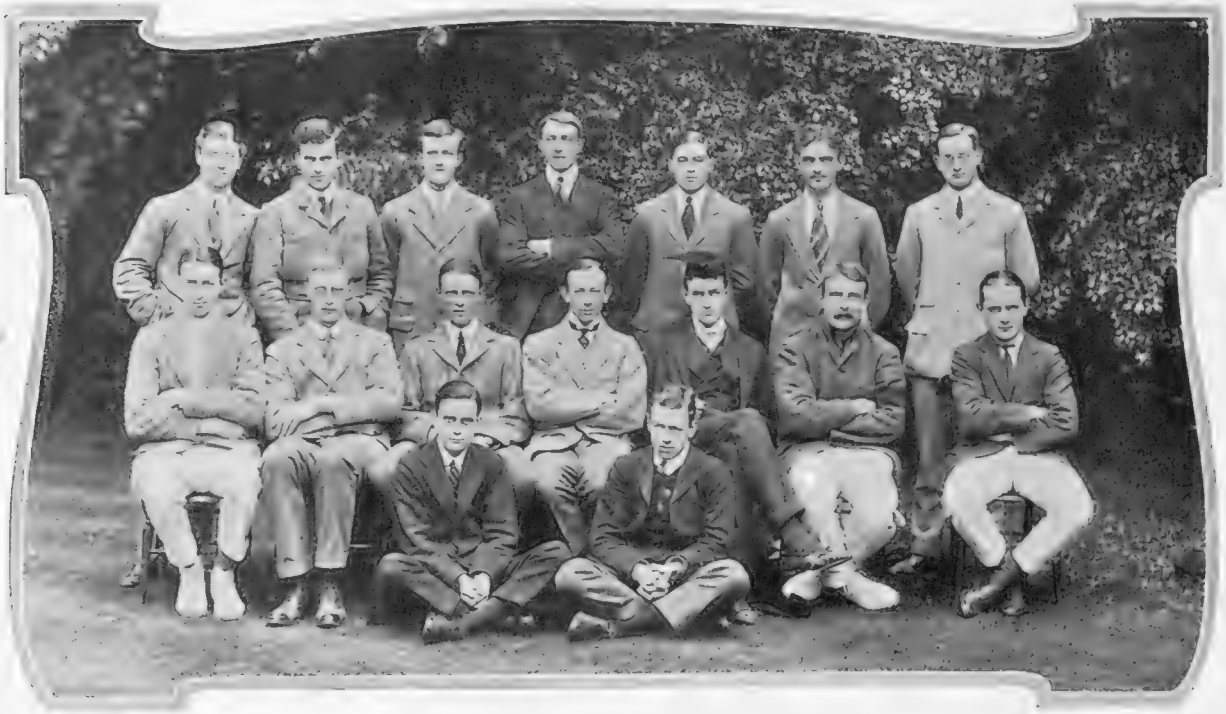
> In consequence of the number of serious and even fatal accidents that have occurred in American College football, the Inter-Collegiate Association has recommended a radical revision of the rules of the game. There are many Americans of moderate views who consider that the danger lies in the excessive emulation of the clubs, and in the use of professional coaches. On the other hand, from the British point of view, it would appear that the toleration of what would here be called offside obstruction cannot but lead to violent play. . . . It is not as yet proposed to give up all the features which distinguish the American from the Rugby game, but it will be interesting to see how these can be retained consistently with the object in view.

Famous College Clubs

No. XIII.—THE "OWLETS," CORPUS CHRISTI, OXFORD

LIKE the "Fireflies" of St. John's College, Cambridge, whose history we gave a fortnight ago, the "Owlets" Club, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, is a play-reading Society. Its rules lay down that one play of Shakespeare must be read each term, but that the first meeting of term may be devoted to miscellaneous reading. Founded in March, 1889, the "Owlets" thus claims a five years' seniority over its purely social college contemporary, the "Wasps," with which we dealt in our last issue. In its institution it was really the successor to the "Minerva" Club, which had just previously ceased to exist, and for its foundation was chiefly indebted to the late Mr. Cuthbert Shields, a somewhat remarkable man, though little known outside of Oxford, a brilliant conversationalist right up to the time of his death. Not many clubs, and possibly none of like kind, can count so many distinguished men whose names from time to time have adorned its membership roll. We have space to mention but a few of these here, but reference must be made to Messrs. E. K. Chambers, Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Education and author of "The Mediæval Stage," "The Tudor Revels," etc., the first President of the Club; R. G. C. Proctor, well known as a Bibliophile and mountaineer, the first Secretary of the Society; Messrs. W. D. Burnyeat, late M.P. for Whitehaven; F. M. S. Cassel, K.C., the prominent Municipal Reform member of the L.C.C.; J. G. Milne, the Egyptologist; Arthur Sidgwick, Fellow of the College, who has been an honorary member since the foundation of the Club; V. H. Cartwright, the Rugby International; F. P. Knox, of cricket fame; A. J. Hales, the rowing Blue; and A. J. Chadwick, the "Rugger" Blue. All these have added lustre to the "Owlets" Society, whose present members are Messrs. Arthur Sidgwick, R. W. Livingstone, and R. B. Mowat (all honorary), G. W. B. Wright (past President), D. W. A. Hankey (President), T. H. Flynn (Secretary), L. F. Nalder, A. H. Simpson, P. G. Ross Hume, C. L. Reid, P. J. Patrick, C. R. Haigh, E. M. H. Lloyd, H. S. Smith, L. Powell, W. M. Ogle, R. W. Dugdale, I. B. James, W. J. T. P. Phythian Adams, and J. W. A. Earle. The officers are elected for one term only, and the membership is practically unlimited—that is to say, it is limited by convenience only, and averages between fifteen and twenty. Any undergraduate member of the college is eligible for election after his third term, and members on taking their degree are given the honorary status, to which also any resident graduate of the college may aspire. Election is by ballot, and four black balls exclude. There is neither colours, uniform, nor plate belonging to the club, which meets at 8.30 p.m. each Sunday, whilst an annual dinner is held in college at the end of the summer term, when the toasts are "The King," "The Club," "New Members," "Leaving Members." The college may well be proud of its two representative societies.

R. C. R



Photo] Members of the "Owlets" Club, Corpus Christi College, Oxford [*Gilman and Co., Oxford*

TOP ROW: C. L. Reid, D. W. A. Hankey, A. H. Simpson, L. F. Nalder, P. J. Patrick, T. H. Flynn, C. R. Haigh
SECOND ROW: G. F. Jury, H. E. L. Porter, G. W. B. Wright, T. Bourdillion, C. Bushell, R. W. Livingstone, G. Brown
FRONT ROW: K. S. Fitze, F. Madan

A Trade Boom in Sierra Leone

CAUSED BY INCREASED EXPORT OF PALM KERNELS

Photo] PICKING THE PALM KERNELS [*E.N.A.*

According to the recent Blue Book on Sierra Leone, the trade of the colony has greatly increased during the past year owing to a boom in the export of palm kernels, the method of picking which may be seen in the above photograph. In 1 05 the total exports amounted to £563,000, but during the past four years this sum has been almost doubled

RACING AND HUNTING NOTIONS

Influence of "The National"

Perhaps it will sound rank heresy to say that the Grand National exercises a blighting influence over the first half of the steeplechasing season. Yet I think it undoubtedly does have a prejudicial effect upon racing prior to the end of January. The reason is simple. As you know, the weights for the National are not published until nearly the end of the present month, and owners are not disposed unnecessarily to expose the form of their horses, and by so doing gain the undesirable attention of the handicappers. This attitude may seem a little unsporting and so forth; but is it not a reasonable one? The Grand National ranks so immeasurably above all other jumping races that the majority of owners naturally have it in mind throughout the initial moiety of the winter season. They are anxious to get their horses in on the most favourable terms. Can you wonder, therefore, that steeplechasing so far has been comparatively flat and lifeless? In default of any better remedy, it would be an excellent thing for the sport if weights for the National could be published even earlier than they are now.

English and French Form

Although the entries for the greatest steeplechase in the world—at least, we proudly believe it to be the greatest—are not quite so numerous as they were a season ago, there is really nothing to complain about. The seventy horses which have been nominated represent the cream of steeplechasers in this country, but that is not saying much, as I am afraid Britain has not, for fifty years, been so badly off for really high-class jumpers as at the present time. The dearth of tip-top performers is extraordinary. In view of the French success last season and of the admittedly poor class of our 'chasers, it strikes me as curious that more entries for Liverpool have not been made from France. Of course, M. James Hennessey has given Lutteur III. another chance of gaining the highest honours, but only two other French horses have been nominated. I am sorry to learn that it is by no means certain that Lutteur III. will stand another preparation for the National. The absence of this beautiful jumper would be a real loss to the race.

This Week's Meeting

Meetings have been uncommonly lucky in their weather this winter, comparatively few days having been lost by frost and snow. Last week-end the frost threatened ominously, and Lingfield's second day had to be abandoned, but there was a thaw a few hours later. At Gatwick on Thursday I recommend **Creator** for the Throckmorton Hurdle Race and **Barbed Head** for the Stewards' Steeplechase. There is always good sport at Kempton Park, where **Newgrange** may score once more in the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap, and I do not suppose **Holy War** will have much trouble in winning his race. On Saturday I expect **Smithfield** to win the chief steeplechase.

CARBINE.

Sport in Parliament

One is glad to know that the new House of Commons will boast a very fair proportion of men who have excelled in field sports, and when the time comes to run the Parliamentary point-to-point race there will be no lack of good riders from the Lower House. It will be possible, too, for the Commons to place a good polo team in the field this year against the Lords—if the latter are allowed to survive! I am writing long before the completion of the polling, but already I perceive among elected members many names well known in hunting. Prominent is Viscount Valentia, who was Master of the Bicester many years ago, and is now chairman of the governing body of polo, the Hurlingham Committee. Colonel Hickman, Sir Samuel Scott, M.F.H., Mr. Walter Long, Lord Duncannon, Mr. R. A. Yerburgh, Viscount Castlereagh, Mr. Raymond Greene, Viscount Helmsley, M.F.H., Lord Ronaldshay, and Captain E. G. Pretyman are a few of the new M.P.'s who can hold their own with the best in a quick thing across country.

New M.F.H. for West Norfolk

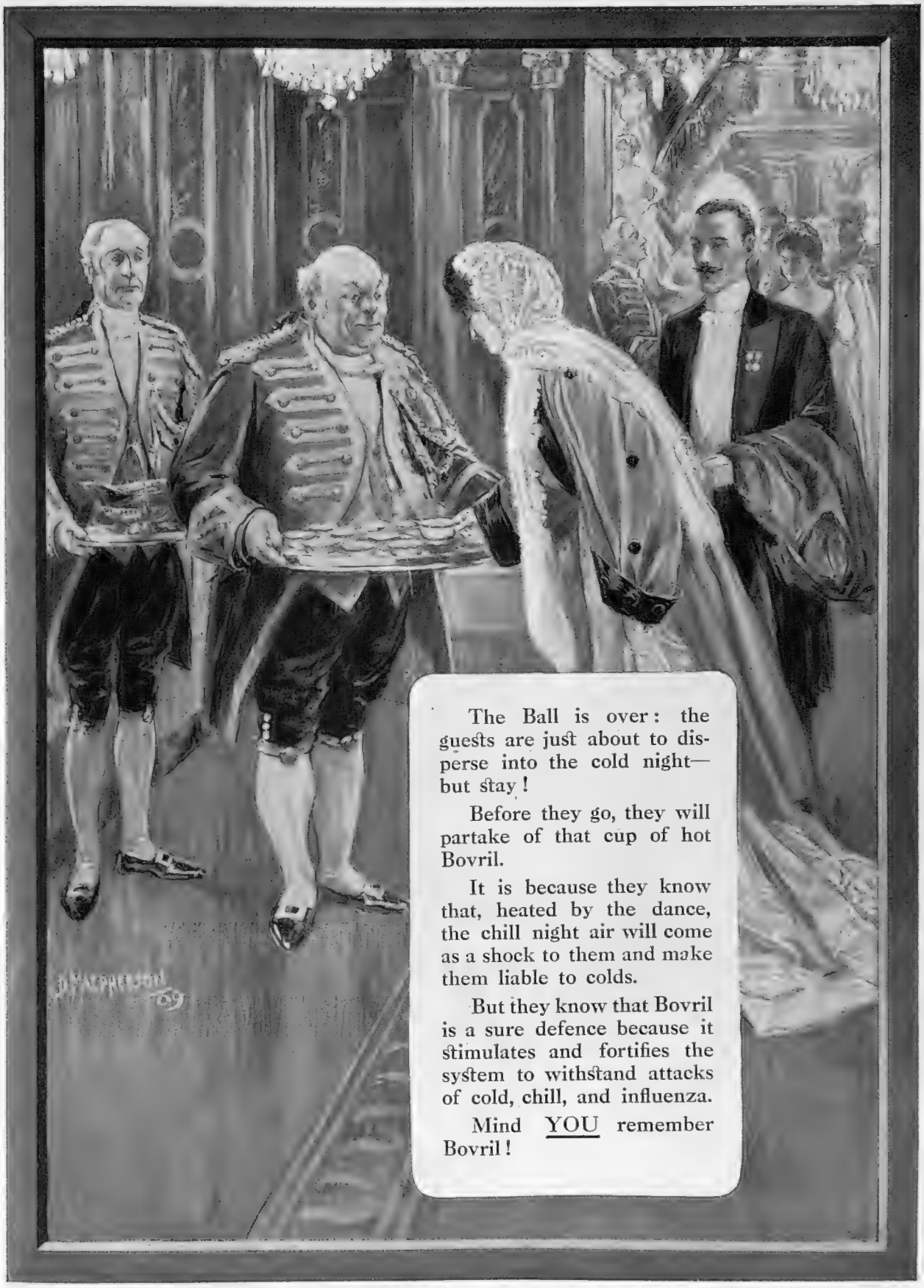
I have already remarked upon the rapidity with which vacant Masterships of hounds are being filled this season. A recent case in point occurs in the West Norfolk Hounds. Here the Earl of Romney resigns the leadership, and no sooner is that announcement made than the news follows that his successor has been found in Captain John F. Champion. And a very good successor, too, the Norfolk people will tell you. A keen soldier, who earned distinction in South Africa, Captain Champion is not an East Anglian by birth or upbringing, but he remedied that by marrying into one of the best-known Norfolk families. His wife is the daughter of Sir Somerville Gurney, of North Runcton Hall, a zealous foxhunter, and one of the secretaries of the Hunt.

Hunting in Lakeland

The death last week of Mr. J. E. Hasell, for many years Master of the Ullswater Hounds, reminds one that all foxhunting is not enjoyed over pasture and plough. Packs like the Ullswater hunt their stout mountain foxes to a height of 3,000ft. above sea level, and when the snow and ice are upon the crags you can imagine that the pleasure of following hounds has its dangerous side. Some years ago a man named Dixon in his excitement fell down the steep Bela Crag. He jumped, or rather rebounded, three times before he reached the bottom. To everyone's amazement he was not dead. On the contrary, raising himself to his knees, he shouted directions to the rest of the field in Westmorland dialect. What is more, he lived to tell the story for many a year, and the spot to this day is pointed out to visitors and is known as "Dixon's Three Jumps." I fancy the majority of my readers would prefer the bullfinches and oxers of the Midlands to the precipitous crags of Westmorland.

A. W. C.

Speed the Parting Guest



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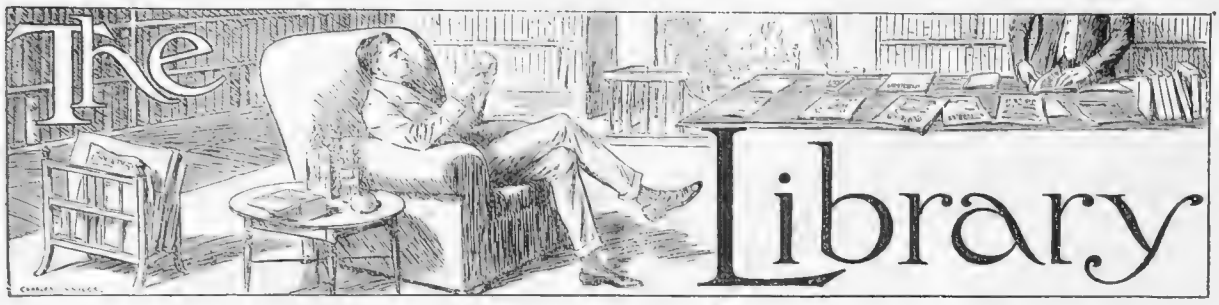

A Sumptuous Book

One of the most sumptuous of Messrs. A. and C. Black's beautiful books is *Hungary*, painted by Adrian and Marianne Stokes and described by Adrian Stokes (20*s*. net). The illustrations in colour, which number seventy-five, are very elaborate, and the letterpress which accompanies them most interesting. The reproductions facing pages 24, 28, 40, 80, 100, 128, 200, 280, and 288 are particularly fine; but all the pictures are so good that it is a little invidious specially to comment upon any of them. No book-lover should be without this volume upon his library shelf.

An Extraordinary Volume

Toil of Men—"Menschenswee"—one of the trilogy of Low Country novels by Israel Querido, has been translated into English by Mr. F. S. Arnold, and published at 6*s*. by Methuen. It is an extraordinary work—one can hardly call it a story—a congeries of massed detail with an effect that reproduces the actual life of the Dutch peasant on the bulb-farms and market-gardens of Holland in all its sordid and even tragical reality. The average English reader must perforce be out of sympathy with such a book, which holds for him no element of interest or of entertainment; but should he once enter upon a perusal of its pages, he will inevitably be held by their absolutely convincing truthfulness to conditions of life and labour that are foreign to those obtaining in this country, and compelled against his will to read them to the bitter end. Nothing more distressing or more depressing has appeared in the garb of fiction for many years, and the volume is certainly not to be commended to those who read for amusement only. But to those who find recreation in the pictures of life limned by the hand of a master, this canvas, filled with detail, as were those other canvases by other Dutch painters of a time long past, will prove welcome. It shows the Boor of the modern Netherlands much as he was in the days when he was painted; much as he is to be found in the Transvaal and other Dutch colonies and settlements—a drunken sot, hardworking, soulless, quite unmoral, a contradiction in terms of humanity, with very little to redeem him from the level of the beasts, for which he shows no feeling; but interesting to the student of all sorts and conditions of men.

"Wild Strawberries"

One of the beautiful illustrations in colour from "Hungary" (A. and C. Black: 20*s*. net)

Literary Note

Perhaps one of the most important books to be published this spring is *Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century*, which his Grace the Duke of Argyll is preparing for the press, and which will be published in two handsome volumes by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. Some high affairs of State are dealt with in these volumes. Some of the letters throw a very interesting light on the negotiations carried on by John, the second Duke of Argyll, for the Union of England and Scotland, and fresh light is thrown by the letters from the Duke to Lord Godolphin on parliamentary history during the early years of the reign of Queen Anne. The letters embrace the whole of the eighteenth century. There will be a photogravure frontispiece to each volume, and many other full-page illustrations showing facsimiles of original letters, documents, autographs, etc.

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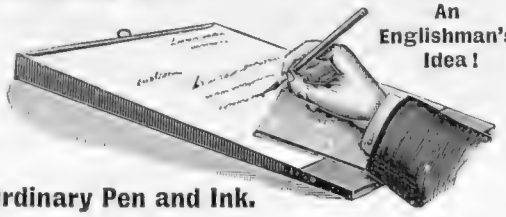

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Motor Unionism

Among the various organisations whose province it is to foster and further the interests of automobilists in this country the Motor Union has long held a foremost position. There have, as most motorists know, been occasions in days gone by when on matters of general policy and particular procedure the executive of the M.U. has not always seen eye to eye with other administrative bodies, and in all candour it must be admitted that the general attitude adopted by Mr. Rees Jeffreys and his *confrères* has seldom been that of the peace at any price person. A strong spirit of militant assertiveness has, in fact, been the dominant note which has pervaded the councils of Albemarle Street, and to THE BYSTANDER it has been at times equally instructive and entertaining to note the success which has attended the uncompromising stand maintained from time to time. Now, however, *nous avons change tout cela*, and the horizon is clear and calm as the early dawn of a Scottish Trials morning. Taking advantage of this thusness, the Motor Union has shifted camp, and transferred itself, bag and baggage, to what I have seen described as new and more commodious premises in Caxton House, Westminster. Here such avenues of activity as legal aid and defence for members, road observation, registration, and the hundred and one engagements of the Motor Union are now in full working order, including of course, the recently formed aviation section, the Motor Union, like the little lady in *The Mikado*, having generated a desire to rule the earth—and sky. The Motor Union now has its own journal in emulation of the Royal Automobile Club, and from it I learn that the prospects for this year of grace are remarkably rosy. I notice, also, that the aviation section of the Motor Union is co-operating with the Aero Club in the promotion of an exhibition of model flying-machines in connection with the Aero and Motor-Boat Exhibition to be held at Olympia in March. Further, at the Savoy Hotel, on Thursday, February 17, there is to be a soirée and ball, the attractions of which are somewhat quaintly set forth as comprising "a musical entertainment by well-known vocal and instrumental artists, flying machines, models (artists', presumably), photographs, and other objects of interest." All which, as indications of progress and prosperity, are matters for much congratulation.

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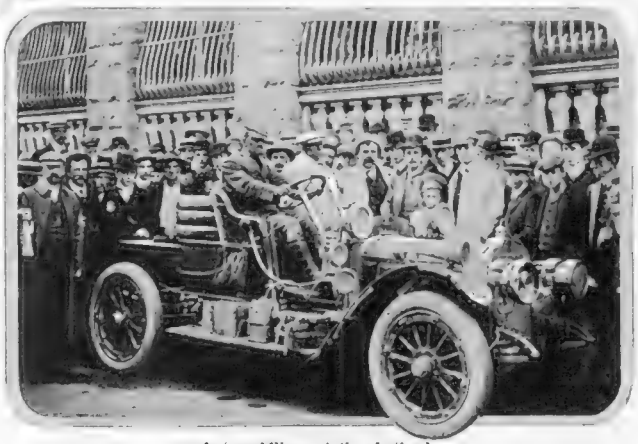
be made under the ægis of the R.A.C. The conditions were that a discarded outer cover was to be fitted with a "Challenge" reinforced tube and run in competition against a new standard cover and all-rubber tube, both tyres to be run to destruction. The report of the R.A.C. is exhaustive and interesting. It sets forth that prior to the commencement of the trial the discarded cover was retreaded and two internal patches of canvas, each 18in. long, were put over weak places in the cover. There were one or two minor mishaps at distances of 708½, 849¾, 1,253¾, and 1,319 miles, which were susceptible of easy repair, but at 1,847½ miles the tyre was discovered to be deflated. The repairs effected on the tube were: (1) all the outer layer of rubber and the first layer of canvas were removed; (2) a section 16½in. long, towards one end of which was a burst, was cut out and a new section prepared for insertion; (3) the tube was longitudinally opened up for its whole length, and a strip cut out, a pleat in the tube being removed; (4) a strip of rubber 3in. wide was placed inside the tube under this cut, and the tube was joined up on the mandril. The Technical Committee of the R.A.C. hereupon decided that the repairs constituted a reconstruction of the tube, and the trial was abandoned in favour of the standard tube and cover, which had come through unscathed, except that at 849¾ miles it was thought advisable to fill up and vulcanise six cuts on the tread of the cover.

A Fair Devotee of the Air

Mme. Palier, who successfully conducts a Marsant Monoplane in aerial flight

And Its Sequel

In connection with this test a small wager of £200 was made between Mr. W. Yarworth Jones, of the Challenge Reinforced Tube Company, and Mr. Edgar Cohen, the well-known taxicab king, to one of whose vehicles, I believe, the competing tyres were attached. Mr. Yarworth Jones duly forwarded his cheque to Mr. Edgar Cohen, and received in reply the following letter: "I am impressed with the manner in which you have dealt with this matter. As the R.A.C. decided that the substituting of a section was a reconstruction, you unhesitatingly accepted their verdict. I do not, however, think it would be fair or sportsmanlike to accept the money, your cover, to my idea, not having run to destruction; indeed, from what I see it is at this moment gaily running on the car which conducted the test. It was quite understood between us that even a second tube could be used if needed, and this should have been made clear in the R.A.C. entry form. I think, therefore, it will be fair if you stand the R.A.C. expenses and we run the test over again." Mr. Cohen added a congratulation on the mileage attained, which, as he pointed out, on a discarded and worthless cover is something to be proud of. Meantime, I may remind my readers that since the trial referred to the Challenge Company has introduced an improved and greatly strengthened inner tube, which is rapidly gaining favour with motorists all over the country.



Automobilism at the Antipodes

Mr. G. G. White on the 15 h.-p. Clement-Talbot car with which he recently chipped 4 hr. 21 min. from the road record between Melbourne and Sydney. The distance is 577 miles, and the "Invincible" Talbot's time was 21 hr. 19 min., or rather over 27 m.p.h. all the way

Miscellanea

His Excellency Sir Harry Barron, Governor of Tasmania, and President of the Tasmanian Automobile Club, has conferred his patronage upon the Continental Tyre Company of Great Britain.

At the Edinburgh Motor Exhibition, which opens on January 28, one of the chiefly notable stands will be that of Messrs. Argylls, who will show two new models which have not heretofore been on view. These are a 10 h.-p. two-cylinder, four-seated car, with side entrance, priced at £275, and a 12-14 h.-p. four-cylinder Argyll Victoria, very handsomely mounted, at £285. In addition, Messrs. Argylls will have on view three 15 h.-p. models, one 20 h.-p. model, and one 30 h.-p. six-cylinder touring car with luxurious five-seated body.

Lord Lonsdale has owned more than one six-cylinder Noiseless Napier, and usually attends the meets in Leicestershire on his 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Noiseless Napier car. Napier cars are the best and British-built throughout.

CLAUDEL-HOBSON CARBURETTORS enjoy the distinction of being adopted as standard by leading British and foreign manufacturers. They are the best.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

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Finest Rubber.

Expert Workmanship.

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China and Dwarf Polyantha Roses

Among the roses that are suitable for beds there are two classes of exceptional merit—the China roses and the dwarf polyanthas. It is true that the flowers are small, especially in the latter case, but they are borne in such profusion that individual size is of little consequence, and their season is a remarkably long one—from May until November and sometimes even later. The ordinary Blush China is common, but the other varieties are rarely seen in gardens, though they are very beautiful and have a wide range of colour. Arethusa is yellow and apricot, Betty Berkeley is red and orange, Cramoisie Superieure is crimson, Laurette Messimy is pink and yellow, and Madame Eugénie Resal is copper. All of these flower well late in the year. Among the best of the dwarf polyanthas are Aschenbrodel (red with orange centre), Cecile Brunner (blush), Eugénie Lamesch (orange), Leonie Lamesch (copper), Perle d'Or (buff), and White Pet. They are all excellent not only for growing in beds by themselves, but also for edging beds of roses of more vigorous growth, such as hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas. When they are used in this way it is best to keep to a single variety. Its colour should, of course, harmonise with that of the roses with which it is to be associated. The dwarf polyanthas also make charming pot-plants. There are few, if any, other plants that will flower so continuously in the greenhouse, provided that they are grown under the coolest possible conditions—either without artificial heat or with no more than is necessary to exclude frost, and with plenty of fresh air. If they are attacked by aphides they must be vaporised or syringed with an insecticide, but there is no reason why they should be if they are not neglected, and their cultivation gives very little trouble.

Winter Flowers in the Greenhouse

Chrysanthemums are all over, and their places are taken by cyclamens, primulas, cinerarias, and fibrous-rooted begonias. In order to keep up a succession of flowers, they should be introduced into a warmer house in batches. Fibrous-rooted begonias can be successfully grown in rather a high temperature, and require more heat than the other plants. But cinerarias are not so easy to manage in this respect, and any attempt to hasten their development by raising the temperature is apt to be followed by an attack of aphides. In any case, the rise should be slight, and in order to strengthen the increased growth which is thus stimulated, more air should be admitted. Primulas may be placed in the same class as cinerarias, though they are not quite so easily spoilt by heat. Still they, too, are all the better for being grown as cool as possible. What most quickly injures both them and cinerarias is carelessness in watering. An excess or deficiency of moisture will soon make them fit only for the rubbish-heap. The soil should be allowed to get fairly dry before any more water is given to them, and it should then be given in sufficient quantity to moisten the whole of the soil, and not merely the surface. On no account should it be poured over the leaves, for which reason it should be applied through the spout of the can, and not through the rose. During the winter the rose should be laid on the shelf, no matter what plants are grown in the greenhouse or conservatory.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

Photo *H. N. King*

The Rose Garden at Hillingdon Court, Lord Hillingdon's Seat Near Uxbridge

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 321.—Vol. XXV. Wednesday, January 26, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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ABOUT 10 ACRES,

More land can be had. Small premium for non-repairing lease.—Further details and photos of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE.

CHARMING GARDENS.

LOVELY WINCHESTER DISTRICT (*under a mile from picturesque village, within 6 miles of the Cathedral City*).—For SALE, by order of trustees, this attractive RESIDENCE, with

45 TO 50 ACRES

of parklike meadow-land. 4 reception, 10 or 12 bed and dressing, bathroom, servants' hall, and other offices. S. and W. aspects. Stabling for 6, and numerous outbuildings. Bailiff's house of 6 rooms, and 2 other cottages. Grand old timber in the gardens; well-kept lawns, small wood, prolific orchard and fruit gardens.

MODERATE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

to close estate.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HAMPTON and SONS are always in touch with TRUST FUNDS awaiting INVESTMENT in sums of

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and recently carefully restored and in splendid order. Carriage drive. 11 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception rooms, halls, conservatory, 2 staircases, servants' hall. Stabling, garage, cottage, laundry, farmery. Exquisitely

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS.

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LOUNGE HALL (27FT. BY 16FT.)

with well fireplace, drawing room opening to grounds, billiard room, dining room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; the drainage was entirely relaid a few years ago; Company's water.—Photos with KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,420)

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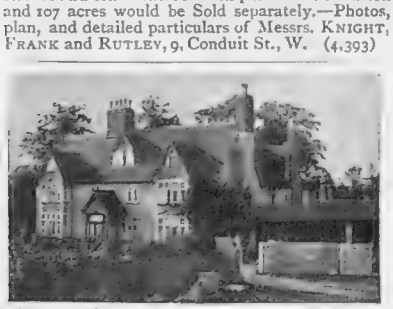
FOR SALE, or would be LET, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 150 acres with a substantially built Mansion, in good order, fitted with every modern convenience, including electric light, and standing in a beautifully timbered park, laid out as an 18-hole golf course. Accommodation: lofty entrance hall, lounge, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and ample offices; stabling for 14 horses, motor garage, and coachman's quarters; tastefully arranged pleasure grounds of 10 acres, 2 cottages, lodge, model farm, etc.; stream and ornamental lake in park. The Mansion and 107 acres would be Sold separately.—Photos, plan, and detailed particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,393)



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OAK FLOORS AND BEAMED CEILINGS.

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Also part of a manufacturer's stock of British-made carpets in heavy pile machine-made textures in a variety of Persian and Turkish designs, seamless Axminsters, close pile Wilton carpets, bordered Brussels squares, stair carpets and rugs, in lots to suit Trade and Private Buyers, and which will be SOLD by AUCTION by

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A GENUINE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE, 375ft. above sea level, in delightful old grounds. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard room, 3 reception, 11 or more bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 5, 2 coach-houses, men's rooms, and useful outbuildings; beautifully timbered grounds of about 10 acres, 2 tennis courts, large kitchen garden, and meadow-land.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,430)

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TO BE SOLD, the above fine old castellated RESIDENCE, beautifully placed in a park of about 55 acres. A well-timbered carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, gives access to the House. Accommodation: lounge hall 4 reception, billiard, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc; stabling for 11; beautiful gardens, tennis lawn, ornamental fountain, walled kitchen garden, capital orchard, and well-timbered park; hunting; golf.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,529)

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IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES.

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HOME COUNTY.

45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

FOR SALE, cheap, the above well-built RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive, and containing: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, and useful outbuildings; pleasure grounds of about 2 acres, full-sized tennis lawn. The House stands at an ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 300ft., and commands good views.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,737)

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£2,350 WOULD PURCHASE the above charming little RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive but pretty grounds, shrubberies, etc., of about 2 acres; situated in the beautiful district of Hindhead, and near a station: 3 reception rooms, large hall, 7 bedrooms, and offices; small stabling, motor-shed, etc.; water and gas laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,210)

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AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

THE GREATLY REDUCED PRICE of £8,000 will be accepted for an exceptionally choice COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in grandly timbered park of 34 ACRES, in a favourite residential district, on gravel soil, and within EASY REACH OF WINDSOR AND ASCOT: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 spacious reception rooms, outer and inner halls, ample offices; excellent stabling; attractive but inexpensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; 40 minutes from London.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,037)

NEW FOREST (high ground, gravel soil; fine views).—This charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE for SALE. Price, £2,750. It commands fine views, is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath; stabling for 2, coach-house, billiard room, or studio; paddock, tennis ground, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 acres; fishing close by.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,857)

SEVENOAKS AND MAIDSTONE (between, under an hour by rail from Town).—RENT, £175 PER ANNUM, for an excellent COUNTRY HOUSE (10 minutes from golf links), with stabling for 7, motor-house, laundry, 2 cottages, farmery; inexpensive, well-timbered old pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, glasshouses, and meadows, in all 27 ACRES; 11 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, lounge hall, and offices; Company's water, acetylene gas, modern drainage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,007)

£4,000 FOR THIS HOUSE WITH 42 ACRES.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

25 MILES FROM LONDON.

THIS WELL-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE for SALE. It contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; Company's water; good drainage; good grounds of about 6 acres. In addition there is a QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, together with about 45 ACRES of land, which would be SOLD for £3,300 if desired. The whole Property might be treated for, or the House with less land.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,342)

BASINGSTOKE AND FARNBOROUGH (between). — To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charming old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, adjoining a small picturesque town, 2 miles from a station, 1¼ hours from London. Carriage drive approach with 5-roomed lodge: 10 bed and dressing rooms, oak-panelled hall, billiard room, 3 other reception rooms, ample offices; stabling for 6; old walled kitchen garden, beautifully shaded lawns, tennis court, glasshouses, meadow-land, in all 10 acres; modern sanitation; gas laid on; hunting with 3 packs.—Apply to the Agents, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,995)

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HERTS (Rickmansworth, 1 mile from G.C. Ry. Station).—The above exceptionally choice little PROPERTY known as "Rivermead," standing in exceedingly pretty grounds of about 1 ACRE, with tennis and croquet lawns, shady willow and rose walk; sun-dial, etc.; hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, etc.; gas and Co.'s water laid on.
HARRODS (LTD.) will SELL the above Property by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on March 9 next (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty).

BEAUTIFUL RURAL SITUATION (under 30 minutes from Paddington).—To LET, Furnished, a genuine old RESIDENCE, in quiet, old-world village, away from all motor dust: 6 bed, bath, 3 sitting rooms, etc.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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A REALLY CHOICE PROPERTY.

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MAGNIFICENT POSITION. LOVELY VIEWS.

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 200 ACRES, in a lovely part of Surrey, 400ft. above sea level, under 1 hour of London. Lovely hall panelled in oak, fine oak staircase; 3 large reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; lodge, 2 cottages; lovely gardens and park; stabling for 6; motor-house; electric light; Company's water. Moderate price will be accepted.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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VERY GOOD GROUNDS OF 45 ACRES.
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SURREY (between Leatherhead and Dorking, in a favourite part).—To be SOLD or LET, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES; 2 tennis lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden, fine old hedges, etc.; hall, cloakroom, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; gas and water laid on. Price, £2,600.—Full particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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RENT ONLY £75.—CAMBRIDGESHIRE (1½ miles from nearest station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, or would be SOLD, a well-built HOUSE, containing: 3 reception and about 9 bed and dressing rooms, with useful farmyard, including several loose boxes, poultry runs used for show birds, and 35 acres of land.—Box K 4,502, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully timbered grounds. It is approached by a long avenue drive, with
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The accommodation comprises: spacious hall, billiard room, 4 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; ample stabling; 2 cottages; gravel soil; modern drainage; beautifully matured pleasure grounds, spacious lawns, flower beds, productive kitchen garden, orchard, and parklike meadow-land of about 30 acres.—Box K 3,942, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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IN ALL ABOUT 8 ACRES.
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"THE GRAPHIC"
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.
FOR AMATEURS ONLY.

Everyone nowadays owns a camera and takes photographs, and photography has become an acknowledged branch of art. THE GRAPHIC, as the premier art journal, is interested in the encouragement of artistic photography, and it has, therefore, decided to hold another Amateur Photographic Competition amongst its readers throughout the world. The previous GRAPHIC Photographic Competitions met with great success and attracted much interest among amateur photographers, who, on the last occasion, sent in over 10,000 contributions. The following prizes will be offered:—

FIRST PRIZE	**£21 0 0**
SECOND PRIZE	**£10 10 0**
THIRD PRIZE	**£5 5 0**

The Judges will be SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A., SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD, Past-President Royal Photographic Society, Mr. CARMICHAEL THOMAS, Chairman of THE GRAPHIC and DAILY GRAPHIC, and Mr. J. M. BULLOCH, Editor of THE GRAPHIC.

The prize photographs will be published in Special Supplements to THE GRAPHIC, together with any others which the Judges think worthy of special mention.

THE FEE OF ONE GUINEA WILL BE PAID FOR EACH PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED, with the exception of the prize photographs.

The Competition will close on February 28, 1910, and the results will be published as soon as the Judges have finished their labours.

RULES.

1. There is no limit to the choice of subjects or the number of photographs, mounted or unmounted, a competitor may send in, but each photograph must be accompanied by the coupon published in THE GRAPHIC.

2. Each photograph must bear a title and the sender's name and address, and in every case a stamped and addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.

3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.

4. Photographs will be received any time up to February 28, 1910.

5. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.

6. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and marked in the left-hand top corner "Photographic Competition."

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By MRS. JACK MAY

The Vulgarising Influence of Fashion

A dangerous text many will possibly say. And I frankly admit it. It is dangerous, but, if I mistake not, there are many who will be with me in the belief that there is a large layer of truth in it. The adjective, let me hasten to say, is not used here in its crudest sense, a loose French translation, indeed, might be read as *demi-mondaine*. During the past two years the dividing line between the *vraie élégante* of the high social world and the *élégante* of the half-world has grown perilously thin, and it requires deep searching beneath amazing hat-brims or pudding-basin toques rammed over the eyes, allied to slim silhouettes, all faithful replicas to a detail of one stereotyped decree, to discover the—happily in many cases—merely latent qualities of breeding.

Take Olympia on a Sunday—the so-called exclusive club day. To the superficial observer all the women gyrating around on wheels, with but the rarest exceptions, might have been turned out of the same mould, the most direct and obvious impetus coming from the half-world.

Now that things are crystallising for the spring modistic fray, it seems to me one cannot speak in sufficiently severe terms of any attempt to continue the vogue of the bolster skirt. The utter lack of elegance of this aggressively short, aggressively tight *jupe* has no counterfeit in history, save what was worn in the Ark, for the authenticity of which we have no data. This vogue for day, and the fancy for tying the knees together at night, makes one rage furiously over the feebleness of the average feminine mind. There is this, however, to be said of the present modes and millinery—the woman who is sufficiently strongly endowed by nature still to retain an attractive personality beneath their disfiguring influence must perforce be a very goddess of beauty.

A Quaint Coiffure

The *chignon* is practically a thing of the past in Paris, the drift tending, once again, in the direction of coils and *pouffs*. In the accompanying illustration—an inspiration of the great Decourt—there is a decided hint of the period corresponding with Charles I. and II. of England. The dressing over the ears, ornamented with combs, is very striking, and there is the straight fringe that is quietly but surely making a place for itself once again

Increasing Craze for Left-Side Trimmings

Through the very clear instigation of the Russian tunic there has crept into the maelstrom of *modes* a marked feeling for the one-side decoration, frequently allied with an entrance. This last, when the garment in question is a blouse, holds peculiar attractions, and those who specialise in the blouse world are fully cognisant of the fact, which they have seized with avidity as a fresh text on which to work up into fresh aspects their well-worn theme. Another detail which it is proposed to emphasise being a close-fitting sleeve, cut off short above the elbow and supplemented with a soft, slightly fuller under-sleeve drawn into a fitted cuff.

Plisse frills of mammoth width will be one of many mediums for accentuating the side ornamentation. Even the short *jabot* is being conducted into these realms, while there are positively endless suggestions for the original disposal of embroideries and *galons* and laces, all whereof tend to the same effect.

Under the influence of this side drapery, the above-described sleeve and the growing insistence of the lying-down collar and exposed throat, there is provided sufficient first material to sling the blouse up into still higher altitudes.

The Irresistible Claims of the Swathed Turban Toque

Although an undoubtedly important detail of the *demi*-toilette abroad, it is quite open to question whether this swathed, enveloping piece of headgear will outlive the early spring. Apart from the costly ospreys held by a jewelled clasp, which at present comprise the almost inevitable ornamentation, there is nothing easier to arrange than one of these toques in *mousseline velours* or tulle, the outline of the Indian turban being studiously maintained, even to the obvious conclusion of the draperies a trifle to one side of the front. Black tulle run through with a metal thread

A Face Without Wrinkles

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Now that we have arranged for our readers to obtain free information on how to remove wrinkles, there is no need for any woman to allow her appearance to be longer marred by these ugly lines, brought on by age, trouble, worry or ill-health. A face without wrinkles is the delight of every woman who has escaped the marks of time, and that is why Countesses and other ladies of high title and rank have sought the advice of Mlle. Harriett Meta, the world-famous Beauty Specialist. Many of them have seemingly regained their youth, and now look from ten to twenty years younger, consequently they are delighted beyond expression because the plan of this famous Beauty Specialist has actually succeeded in taking out their wrinkles. Countess de Kergommeaux, of Paris, says: "My wrinkles vanished like magic while I slept, and my friends tell me I am getting younger every day. The hollow places are all filled in; my flesh is firm and my skin soft and smooth." Madame Maria Lluvia, of Manresa, Spain, writes: "In a single night my wrinkles completely disappeared." The Beauty Specialist who made this remarkable discovery took out her own wrinkles with it in three nights, and her complexion is now regarded as one of the most beautiful in all Paris. Therefore it seems especially fortunate for our readers that arrangements have been made to send free information about this marvellous plan to every woman who uses the Wrinkle Coupon below, without delay. The fact that such remarkable results have been accomplished in so many instances indicates that the advice and instructions of this world-famous Beauty Specialist should be followed by all who wish to look young and be beautiful. Not only has this discovery for removing wrinkles been endorsed by ladies of high titles and rank, but thousands of American and English Society ladies now sing the praises of Harriett Meta. The Judges of various International Expositions have investigated her method and have awarded her the Gold Medals thereon. The French and British Governments have granted her Patents on her discovery, and Patents are now pending before the United States Government at Washington. The most recent honour conferred upon her is the presentation of the Grande Coupe d'Honneur by the International Exhibition, London. Mlle. Meta's plan particularly recommends itself to women who have but little time to devote to their beauty, for it is so simple that only a few minutes in the morning and a few minutes at night are needed to work the marvellous transformation and produce a beautiful face without wrinkles. If you were to pay £50 for special beauty treatment, either in London, Paris, or New York, we do not believe that you would get anything like the results that this simple, harmless method of home treatment will produce on your face in a few days time. This may seem like a strong statement, but we do not feel that it is one word stronger than the absolute truth. You have simply to send the free Wrinkle Coupon below to-day, and then you can judge for yourself. Remember that by this special arrangement no money is required for this free information, simply cut out the Coupon and send to-day, with your name and address, to Harriett Meta (Dept. 129H), 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., and you will receive full particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope.

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of gold or silver is responsible for some of the most effective examples, a tall, bushy black osprey standing up erect from the tucked-in ends completing the correct *ensemble*.

Despite rumours to the contrary, quite an appreciable number of flower toques are departing southwards. One built of large over-blown pink roses was particularly lovely with soft loops of fine black Chantilly lace in lieu of the ubiquitous feather aigrette. And when flowers are introduced on coarse straw hats, the leaves, in many instances, match the blooms. Respecting this fantastic idea, I have a feeling it will grow rapidly in popular approval. And I am also tremendously *epris* of those giant straws which are so lightly plaited that they become as malleable almost as a woven fabric, and, akin with all the oncoming hats, are rendered as light as possible in appearance.

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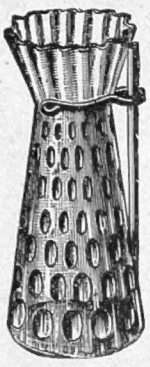

(2) A Flower-Holder to fit any Glass

Both to be obtained from the Floral Depôt, 47, Baker Street, W.

Fashions in Flowers and Flower Schemes at the Floral Depôt, 47, Baker Street

How inexpressibly delightful and invigorating it is to meet enterprise and energy. Although of long-famed standing, this exquisite Floral Depôt in Baker Street has not ventured to rest on its laurels, and the rulers, with both ears to the ground, have realised every whispered demand long ere it was spoken. The result is still more fame, and a position literally at the top of the tree. Letters Royal emblazon the door, flowers issuing weekly for the decoration of the Chapel Royal and the Chapel in Buckingham Palace.

Nothing, of a truth, succeeds like success, and it were easier to tell of the Society weddings that have not exploited the services of the Floral Depôt than those who have done so. For a representative wedding to take place shortly at Godalming there are being supplied ebonised Empire sticks, with silver tops, to which great bunches of lilies are to be tied with the Carthusian colours, while the bride's bouquet, in accordance with the latest decree, will be composed of lilies-of-the-valley, flowering myrtle, white heather, and a touch of the conventional orange blossom.

A notable offer all the year round here are monster bunches of lilies-of-the-valley at the uniform price of 1*s*., a momentary promise of a like order of cheapness occurring in clusters of lilac that range in price from 2*s*. to 10*s*. the bunch, two slight examples that serve to ring the keynote of the style of business carried on that may be briefly described as of small profits and quick returns. The whole establishment is planned, and regulations enforced, to enable orders to be executed with the utmost celerity, and the result of this splendid organisation again spells success.

Then, additionally to the actual floriculture, one finds here all manner of cute little ideas born of inspired intelligence. There is, for example, a flower-holder, which is so made that it can be clipped on to any glass. The upright at the back is really a hollow tube, into which a stick can be inserted for the subsequent support of some heavy-headed hyacinth or wayward tulip. Although but a trifle, this supplies a long-felt want. And all praise to the Floral Depôt for arriving first in the field with so admirable a solution.

The Menu: SOME SAVOURY DISHES OF VEGETABLES

Stuffed Artichokes

Make a savoury stuffing with some chopped herbs, breadcrumbs, a mushroom, a pounded anchovy, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Make this into a paste by cooking it in a little cream and gravy; fill some artichoke bottoms with it, and put them to simmer in a thick white (béchamel) sauce; serve with fried sippets. The preserved artichokes (fonds d'artichauts) are very good for this purpose, and require very little cooking.

Fricassee of Brussels Sprouts

Put some young sprouts into boiling water with a lump of butter, a little salt, a tiny piece of soda, and a bouquet garni. When they are cooked, take them out and drain them. Have ready some rich white sauce—about a pint—the yolk of an egg, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice; put all these into a stewpan, and stir over the fire till it is all well blended and the thickness of rich cream. Mix in the sprouts and then dish up; garnish with fried croûtons cut in the shape of hearts, mask them over with a little Parmesan cheese, and sprinkle the yolk of a hard-boiled egg which has been passed through a wire sieve over the centre of the sprouts.

Dressed Endive

Plunge three endives into salted water; when well washed, drain, dry, and finely chop them. Put into a stewpan half a pint of good gravy and the chopped endives, add a saltspoonful of castor sugar and a pinch of salt, and stew till tender. When cooked, thicken with butter and flour and stir in a gill of good rich brown sauce with a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice stirred into it, and serve with poached eggs on the top.

Salsify

Wash and scrape the salsify very white, put it into water with a dessertspoonful of vinegar in it, then put it into a pan of boiling water with 2oz. of butter, salt, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. When quite tender, put it to drain on a sieve. Then cut it into short pieces and again put it into a stewpan, with a tablespoonful of white sauce, the remainder of the butter, and a squeeze of lemon. Shake it over the fire for a few minutes till it is well mixed and very hot, and serve piled up high, garnished with fried croûtons.

Curried Spinach

Take some well-cooked spinach and fry it in boiling butter into which a tablespoonful of curry powder has been already fried; add to this a dozen prawns or shrimps, and fry all together slowly for one hour. Serve very hot as an entrée.

Potato Straws

Cut raw potatoes about two inches long and about one-eighth of an inch thick. Fry in boiling fat till a golden brown and crisp, drain well on a sieve before the fire, and serve in the centre of a dish of cutlets. EMILIA.

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The Editor's Box

The Prince of Wales

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will be the principal guest at the winter dinner of the Castaways' Club, which will be held on Wednesday, February 23, at the Empire Rooms, Trocadero Restaurant.

Fulham Theatre

The pantomime at this popular theatre is attracting splendid audiences, and deservedly. The fun is clean and genuine, and the songs and singing equally good. A number of pretty girls with sweet voices and charming figures support the clever principals, and the show is likely to run for many weeks yet. An early request for reserved seats is, however, desirable.

Railway Enterprise

Another example of the spirited policy adopted by the London and North Western Railway Company is contained in the announcement that commencing February 1 they will run two new express trains between Broad Street City Station, London, and Birmingham (New Street), in addition to the existing express service to and from Euston. This will afford business men from Birmingham the opportunity of getting a whole day in the City, without the necessity of changing trains or of coming so far west as Euston. The important innovation of providing a shorthand typist has also been made for the convenience of passengers on these trains, who will work in a reserved compartment to ensure privacy.

"Dame Nature"

Miss Ethel Irving's production of *Dame Nature*, by Henri Bataille, is the first play by this author to be seen in England. *La Femme Nue* (the French title) took Paris by storm, and the adaptation by Frederick Fenn retains all the strength and force of the original. Mr. Charles Frohman, following in Miss Ethel Irving's footsteps, has secured the rights of the same author's play, *La Scandale*. This is practically the second time Miss Ethel Irving has been in the van of bringing a new author before the public, as *Lady Frederick*, though not the first piéce of Mr. Somerset Maugham's, was the play that brought him to the general notice of playgoers.

Fancy Dress Balls and Parties

With characteristic enterprise the proprietors of Odol, the well-known dentifrice and mouth-wash, have had a variety of special designs worked out for original costumes for fancy dress balls and parties. These designs embrace a wide field, including striking characters from all nations, and affording a great range of choice. Each costume is not only picturesque and pretty, but lends itself most happily

An "Odol" Fancy Dress Ball Costume

to the animation, glow, and movement of these charming gatherings. The grotesque and extravagant have been avoided, with the result that each design is, in its own particular style, "a thing of beauty," and as the Odol proprietors supply the decorative material, the expense connected with the carrying out of any of these suggestions is but trifling. For the groundwork of the costume nothing is necessary but a little dead-white taffeta, which in itself forms excellent and effective drapery. The illustration here given will serve to indicate how tellingly these designs can be treated, and the decorative articles provided add greatly to the effect of the impersonations. The decorative articles, such as cardboard bottles, labels of various colours and sizes, miniature porcelain Odol flasks, pictorial stamps, etc., etc., will be sent on receipt of letter of request enclosing postal order for a shilling to cover the cost of postage and packing. Address: The Manager, Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, London, S.E.

A Skin Cure

Skin diseases are greatly dreaded because of the disfigurement, discomfort, and humiliation they inflict. Nowadays, however, those who are thus troubled may be assured of complete deliverance from their complaint by the use of "Antexema," the remarkable discovery of a well-known doctor twenty-five years ago. It is frequently fancied that for the cure of eczema, bad legs, and other skin troubles some kind of ointment is necessary, but the wonderful results which follow the use of "Antexema" prove the contrary, for "Antexema" is not an ointment. It is a creamy liquid, which immediately dries on the skin, and forms an airtight, germ-proof artificial skin over the affected spot, so that bandages are not needed. All irritation stops immediately "Antexema" is applied, and a thorough cure soon follows. The innumerable letters received by the Antexema Company tell remarkable stories of striking cures gained in many cases after years of intolerable suffering and discomfort. "Antexema" is sold by all chemists, and we have no hesitation in recommending this popular British skin remedy to the favourable attention of our readers.

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